

Cheerfull Ayres
O R
B A L L A D S

First compos'd for one single Voice and
since set for three Voices

B Y

JOHN WILSON ^rDR in MUSIC

Professor of the same in the

UNIVERSITY of OXFORD.

OXFORD.

Printed by W. HALL, for R. C. DAVIS.

And Dec. MDC. IX.

Wilson

Check All Votes

558806

B A L L E T S

It is suggested for each of the 1000
three for three votes

298698
22

JOHN WILSON

1000 of the 1000 in the

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

M1620
N7504
Bain

OXFORD

UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

OXFORD

THE PREFACE.

SOME few of these Ayres were Originally composed by those whose names are affixed to them, but are here placed as being new set by the Author of the rest.

CANTUS PRIMUS is a complete Book of it selfe, carrying the principall Ayre to Sing alone with a through Base. *CANTUS SECUNDUS* and *BASSUS* are also printed singly to make two, or three Parts, as shall be requisite for the Company that will use them.

This being the first Essay (for ought we understand) of printing Musick that ever was in *Oxford*, and the Printers being unacquainted with such Work, hath occasioned the faults hereafter mentioned, in this single Book, the greater number whereof are the omission of Moods, which are supplied in the other two Parts, and will be easily mended with a pen in this. The consideration of what is here premised, with assurance that the other two Parts are more correct, and a promise of better care in what shall issue from this Presse for the future will (doubtlesse with unprejudic'd Persons) procure pardon for the present Errata.

ERRATA IN CANTUS PRIMUS.

- | | |
|--|--|
| Mode wants. pag. 6. 26. 28. 30. 32. 34. 36. 38. 40. 53. | Page. 52. The last note of the forth line should stand in <i>A re</i> . |
| 54. 57. 58. 60. 62. 64. 67. 70. 73. 96. | 64. The first note of the sixth line should stand in <i>D sol re</i> . |
| Page 13. l. 3. note 3. should stand in <i>D la sol re</i> . | 65. The first note of the last barr in the first line, should be a Crochet. |
| 33. l. 4. note 1. should stand in <i>B me</i> . | 66. The last note of the Base should stand in <i>C fa ut</i> . |
| 34. second barr & second line, a note wanting in <i>C fa ut</i> . the 4th line and second barr the semibreve should stand in <i>B me</i> . | 67. The semibreve of the third barr in the sixth line should stand in <i>C fa ut</i> . |
| 49. two first notes of the 2d barr and 3d line should be flat and the semibreve in the 3d bar of the 4th line flat and the 2d note of the 5. line and first of the 6th line flat also. | 93. The forth note in the 2d line should stand in <i>G sol re</i> . |

THE TABLE.

Key		Cant. 1.	Cant. 2.	Bassus.
G sharp.	When Troy towne	2	2	2
	From the fayre Lavinian	3	3	3
	Will you buy any honesty	4	4	4
	Full Fathom five	6	5	5
	Where the Bee sucks	8	6	6
	When Love with	10	7	7
	Have y.u any worke	12	8	8
	Come hitber you that	14	10	10
	Young Thirsis lay in	16	11	11
	Kawasha comes in	18	12	12
G flat	Cast your Caps and	22	14	14
	Doe not feare to put	24	16	16
	Thoughts doe not vex me	26	17	17
	Who so complaineth	28	18	18
	Come silent night	30	19	19
A	Come I faint	128	78	78
	Come constant hearts	32	20	20
	Love and disdain	34	21	21
	In a season	36	22	22
	Cupid thou art a	38	23	23
A sharp	Though your strangenesse	40	24	24
	Aske me no more	42	25	33
	Cloras false Love	44	26	34
	I Love (Ablas)	46	27	35
B flat.	If I dye	48	28	36
	Greedy Lover	50	29	37
C flat.	Thine Eyes to me	53	31	39
	Awake awake	54	32	40
	I would have thee merry	57	42	42
	In the merry Month	58	43	43
C flat.	Faine would I Cloris	60	44	44
	Deare give me a thousand	62	45	45
	Lawn as white as driven	64	46	46
	Goe weatherbeaten	67	48	48
	Goe restlesse thoughts	70	50	50
	If my Lady did begin	73	52	52
	Boast not blind Boy	75	54	55
	When on mine Eyes	77	56	57

Key.		Cant. 1.	Cant. 2.	Bassus.
C sharp.	Tell me where your	76	53	53
	Come thou Father of	80	55	54
	Sir this my litle	82	56	56
D	Noe noe I tell thee noe	84	57	57
	For ever let	86	58	59
	Fly hence shadowes that	88	59	58
	Since love hath brought	92	60	61
	You Heraulds of my	94	62	63
E flat	Why thinkst thou foole	96	63	62
	Since Love hath in	90	61	60
	When the cleare Sun	98	64	64
	Thou that excellest	106	67	67
	I sweare by Muskadell	108	68	68
F flat.	Fondnesse of Man	110	69	69
	You say you love me	114	71	71
	Hence with this Wedlook	116	72	72
	So have I seen	118	73	73
	Vim'st thou that poore	120	74	74
F sharp	If I must tel you	122	75	75
	What would any man	103	66	66
	Down be still you seas	112	70	70
G sharp.	Bee not thou so foolish	126	77	77
	God Lyons	130	79	79
	Not Roses couch't	132	80	80
	So many Loves have I	134	81	81
	Now the Lusty Spring	136	82	82
G flat.	Wherefore peep'st thou	138	83	83
	Turne thy beaurious face	140	84	84
	When I beheld my	142	85	85
	My Love and I	144	86	86
	In a vale with flowrets	146	87	87

To the ever honoured Dr JOHN WILSON
on his incomparable Book of Ballads.

Not as a bush to thy more noble wine.
Doe we prefix these lines; what ever's thine
Commends it selfe; we pay our homage, due
To this diviner science and to you:
Did Orpheus Harpe cause beasts to dance, thine more
Thy loftier strains draw love from them, before
Did hate thy art and thee: this wonder shall
Raise thee to be a God, make him to fall.
Sure some Intelligence was sent from Jove
T'acquaint thee with the Harmony above;
How else with such composure are we blest.
'Tis Angells Musick though in Mortalls dresse
Those low and creeping words we Ballads call
Thy powre has raisd to be celestiall.
O prodigie of nature that couldst keep
Thy soul in tune, when all the world was deep
In discord: it's then time, for thee to set
Some sprightly Ayre, when there's most need of it.
When sacred Anthems ceased, and in stead
Of that more heavenly Musick, did succeed
Nothing but barking tones, when Organs were
By Trumpets silenc'd, then blown from the Quire;
Thou, borne to humour all, out of thy braine
Full fraught with melodye, didst hatch this traine
Of songs, from whose sweet concord always runs
Full streames of harmelesse mirth i' Apollo's fons.
These Charme our senses make our souls to dwell
Upon our eares, there to keep Sentinell.
Heer's Musick for the meanest capacity,
And for the skillfull too deep Harmony:

Hold still your pennis then, cease for to rehearse
WILSON's deserved praise in untun'd verse.
And learne to sing those notes which rightly hit,
Speake more to's honour then th'acutest wit.
Proceed Harmonious soul, in this thine art.
More of thy Musick still to us impart,
For in these sheets thou shalt embalmed be,
And live a WILSON to Eternity.

To my honoured friend Dr WILSON
on His Musicall Ayres, and incom-
parable Skill on the Lute.

Could wise Pythagoras tast thy skill;
Or drown'd in numbers drink his fill;
Could he [but revel't in thy Ayre
One houre, he'd sweare thy soul is there.
Thou'lt tempt, (take but thy Lute in hand,)
Euridice againe to Land;
Who Ravisht with one carelesse glance,
May safely venture i' other dance.
On satall Serpents, lul'd in th'armes
Of thy soft notes they'l need no charmes.
Labour but on thy strings, they'l throng
Themselves into a Swans last song;
Where every note will ring the knell
Of some dead baffled Philomel.

E. D. ex Æde Christi

On that incomparable Master of Musick
Dr WILSON.

SIR, such in sounds your skill's, that while you're here,
S Oxfords not only Englands eye but Eare:
So at a shake of yours our passions flow,
As if you reacht our Heartstrings with your Bow,
Touch your Theorboe, and round all our souls
Like Unisons the retlesse Quaver rouls,
Your * Schoole did never so deserve its name,
As since your ravishing Rhetorick thither came,
No lofty style like Ela can command,
No Figures like the postures of your Hand,
How have I seen, souls melting through the Eyes,
Ears chained, tongues silent at your Melodies.
Like Orpheus Rivers, Beasts, Stones, Birds you move,
When Tears, & wrath, Fiercenesse, and Winged Love
Follow your Tunes, such Majesty attends
Your strokes, that Law comes from your Fingers ends,
The Spartans Musick made them fight & die,
Your's would have made them to graspe Victorie.
No wonder then if Poets find their Feet,
When with such all Commanding notes they meet.
Praise is an Echo to good deeds, then fit
It is, good Musick should have most of it.

A. C.

* The old Rhetorick Schoole now assigned for the
Musick lecture.

To his honoured Friend Dr JOHN WILSON
upon his most excellent Book of Ayres.

LEnd my Muse wings and with them I will dare,
To soare aloft in your much clearer Ayre.
Where your harmonious sphere is known to move
With sweeter Accents then those doe above.
Did now Prometheus live hee'd find a way,
Not only for to animate meere Clay.
Heed aske for pure Ayre not for Jove's fire,
That he might some harmonious soules inspire.
Musick's compleatest parts you here have set,
Only that wee might find them more compleat,
Toth' envy of our Nation here you shew,
Musicks perfection perfected by you.

To the great Master of Musick Dr J. WILSON
upon his most excellent Book of Ayres.

THE soul's a Symphony: Th'harmonious blast,
The perfect Ayre of the great Protoplast.
No wonder then if thy Diviner Note
Betray my soul, make mine invention dote.
Stir'd by thy Musick from each melting string,
Didst thou not Cheat me of my soule, I'd sing,
I'd Praise thy Vertues; but thy sweetest Quire,
Bids me give audience only, and Admire.
Each stroke speaks WILSON and whoever plays
Sings a new Anthem to his lasting praise.
'Tis WILSON speaks, each neatly warbled straine
Is but the Echo of th' inventors braine.
Not Death, nor Time can ere eclipse thy Fame,
While each string, from thy Book, shew sounds thy Name.
Ne're feare Oblivion then: Thy Glory shall,
Know none, but what's the worlds great Funerall,
N. M.

To my honoured Friend JOHN WILSON

Doctor of Musick, on his excellent

Book of Ayres.

AS Friends do meet whom nobler love hath joyn'd
And made (though sev'rall bodies, yet) one mind,
Who count themselves to live, not 'cause they move
And have a being but because they love;
Who when they view, think all their soules i'th' eye.
Or if they touch, think it i'th' hand to lye:
So doe I meet your Ayres, they have the art
Of drawing all my soule into that part
Which they affect, and if I chance to heare
Them strook am forc'd to wish my selfe all eare.
I doe not wonder that the King did * call,
WILSON, ther's more words, let's heare them all.
Such was your skill, that what the rest o'th' Court
Perhaps thought long, Judicious eares thought short.
Excellent Artist! whose sweet straines devour
Time swift as they, and make dayes seem an houre.
But what need more, since 'tis enough to tell
But this, King Charles hath heard, and lik'd them well.

J. H. O. C.

* When some of these Ayres were presented to him
by Dr Wilson, Mr Low, and others.

To that Excellent Musitian the

AUTHOR.

TIS well the Musick of the rowling Spheres
Dosh not arrive to prepossesse our eares;
That they may entertaine thy Nobler Lyes;
Which might embody'd Angels charme, and raise
Woods into Trances. Let none that at least
Hath not a Siren Templ'd in his breast,
Pollute thy songs, And in whose every note
A Quire of Muses playes about his throat:
That may call out the soule and make it run
In a Triumphant Chariot 'bove the Sun.
Could others but discern that Golden vaine
Of Art, those Graces that breath in each strain
Of thy composures, then they might know what
(In part) to judge oth' Learned travaile that
Teaches thy notes to command Raptures so:
But by that selfe-concealing art (we know)
Thine eyes are priviledg'd in thy frames to spye
Those silken strings, that fine Embrodery.

To my worthy Friend that incomparable Musitian
Dr JOHN WILSON on his
Book of Songs of three Parts

Why should I loade with barren praise
A head so often wreath'd with Bayes:
Or make the greedy Reader looke
For something good besides the Book?
These ~~dirty~~ lines the rest will soyle.
And hardly serve to be their soyle,
Yet since the Author will impart
Unto the gaping world his Art;
Ple let it know what it ne're thought,
What can't be learned may be bought;
Least men inestimable call
It still and so not buy't at all.
Thus o're faire Structures oft we set
A Bill, this House is to be Let:
Some too perhaps who yet ne're knew
Great WILSON what we owe to you;
When they shall on the Title page.
See Ballads first come on the Stage.
Will thinke, because the word so grosse is.
These songs are fit for Market Crosses:
Ple tell um they're authentick grown,
And Rimers now put Poets downe.
And yet I will the Muses call,
Apollo, and the Poets all,
And bid them tell me if they e're
Had better Offrings then are here,
Call any Nobler (if they durst)
Since they frequented Hible first:

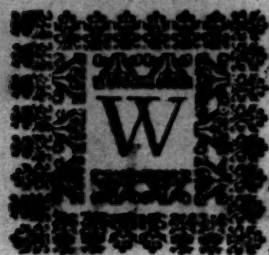
Some humane, More divine; the odds
Is this, men made some, More the Gods.
Thus in a day serene and cleare,
Some sullen clouds fixt here and there
Make angry Phebus mend his way
And add more luster to the day.
Thus in sayre nights the Heavens are
Not set with one continued starre,
But here and there a patch of night
Doth recompence the rest with light.
Now could the trembling aire convey
These sounds where Troys foundations lay,
Each scatterd stone would shew his head,
Though long in ruines buryed;
And being ravisht leap to take
The station which it did forsake:
And thou (Brave WILSON) with thy hand
Amphion like shouldst charming stand;
So should each higher note have powre
For to erect a lofty Towre
And when a deeper tone should sound,
To sinck a Cellar under ground;
Then might I question which would tell
Lowder thy Fame, Quart pot or Bell.

I've done, 'tis time the Reader see
The difference 'twixt Thee and Mee:
Ple only say thy sacred brow
Shall not be crown'd with Laurell now,
Stay then till wee together can
Thy Master Crowne and Thee his Man.

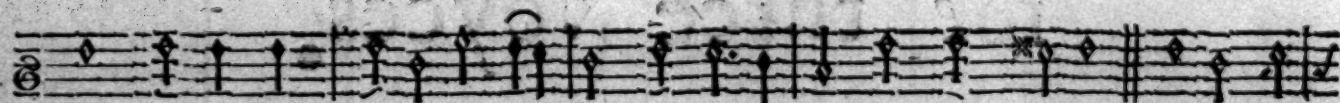
R, R.

Cheerefull Ayres (or Ballads)
for three voyces.

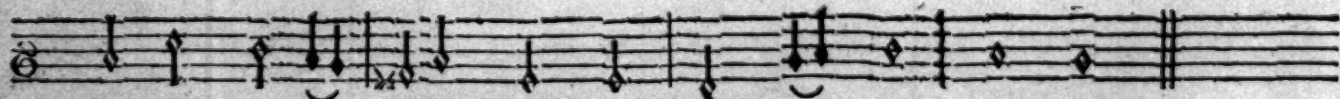
CANTUS PRIMUS.



When Troy Towne for ten years warre withstood the Grecks in manfull-



-wise, yet did their foes increase so fast, that to resist none could suffice, Waste lye those



Walls that were so good and Corne now growes where Troy Towne flood.





Rom the faire *Lavinian* Shore, I your Markets come to store, Musc not

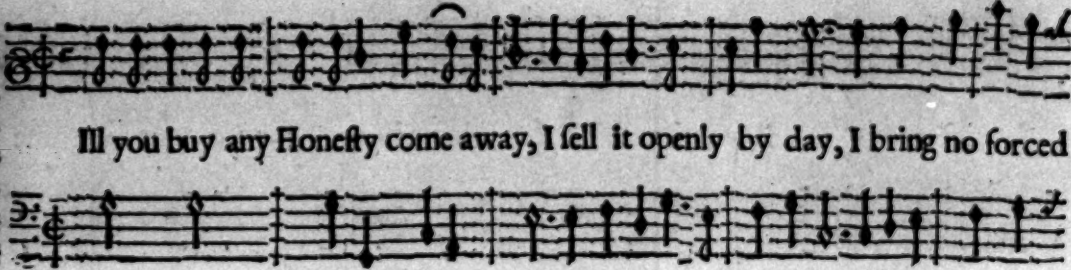


though so farr I dwell and my wares come here to sell. Such is the sacred hunger of gould



then come to my pack while I cry what d'ye lack what d'ye buy for here it is to be sold.

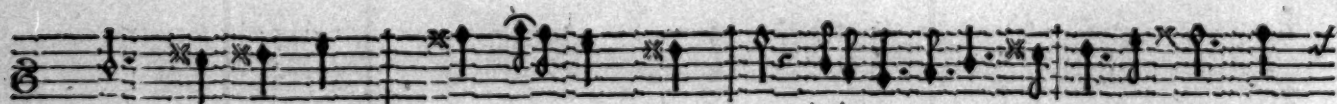




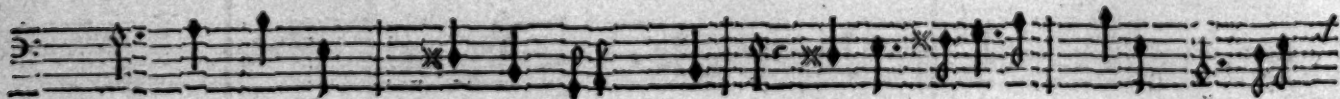
Ill you buy any Honesty come away, I sell it openly by day, I bring no forced



lights nor Candle to cozen you come buy and handle, This will shew the great Man

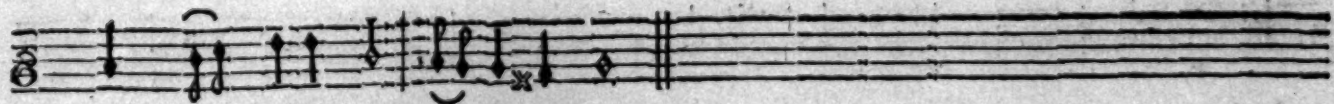


good, the Tradesman where he sweares and lyes, the Lady of a Noble blood, the

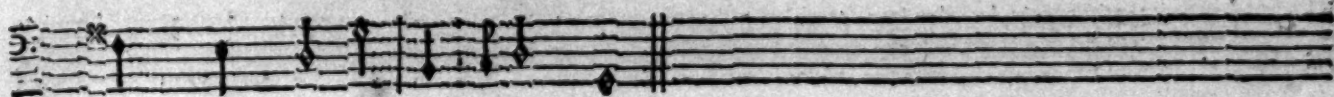




Citty Dame to rule her Eyes, You are Rich men now, come buy and then I will

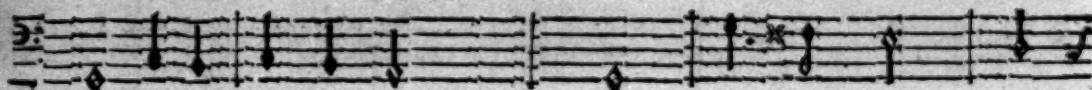


make you richer honest honest men.

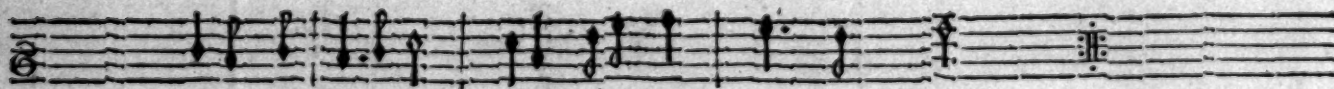
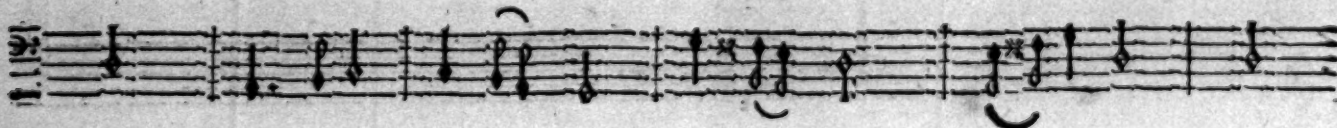




Ull fathome five thy Father lyes, of his bones are Corall made



those are pearles that were his eyes, nothing of him that doth fade but doth

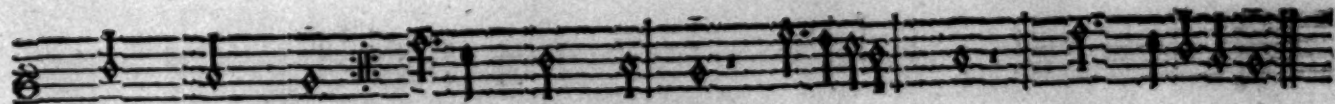
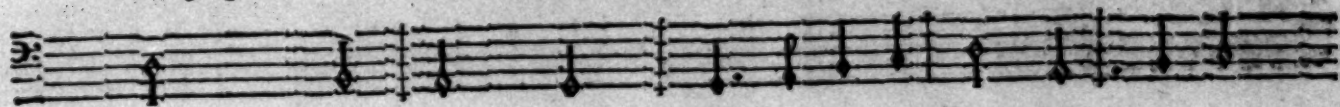


suffer a Sea change into something rich and strange.





Sea Nymphs hourly ring his knell, Hark now I heare them ✦



Ding Dong Bell Ding Dong Ding Dong Bell ✦ ✦





Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips Bell I lye there I couch



When Owles doe cry, on the Batts Back I doe fly, after Summer merrily.



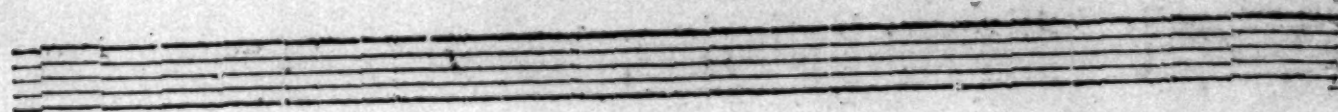
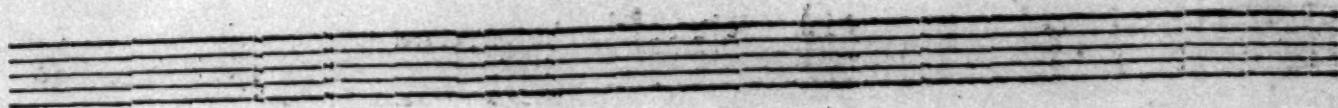
Merrily Merrily shall I live now under the Bloffome that hangs on the Bough



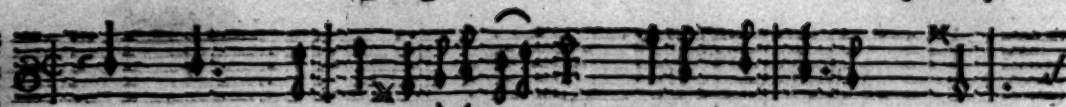
[9]



Merrily Merrily shall I live now, under the Bloffome that Hangs on the Bough.



C



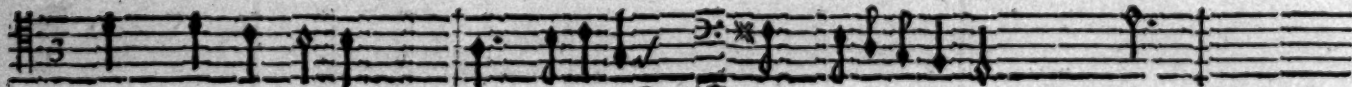
Hen Love with unconfined wings hovers within my gates



And My Divine Althea brings to whisper at my Grates .



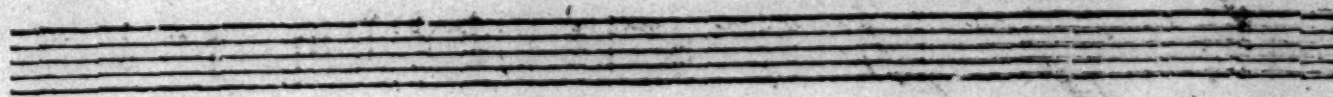
When I lye tangled in her haire, and Fetter'd in her eye,



[11]



The Birds that wanton in the Ayre, Know no such Liberty.





Ave you any work for the Sowgelder hoe, My horne goes to high to lowe



To l' l' l' l' to lowe. Have you any Piggs Calves or Colts



Have you any Lambs in your holt to cut for the stone, here comes a cunning one

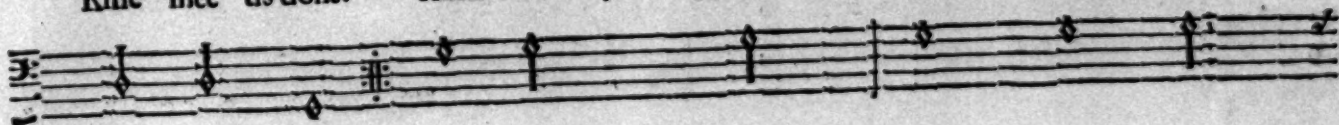




Have you any Brauches to Spay'd or e're a fayre Mayde, that would be a Nun, come



Kisse mee 'tis done. Hark how my merry horne doth blow, to high to lowe



To high to lowe, l. l. l. l. to lowe.

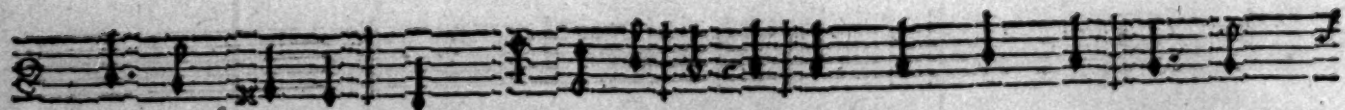




Come hither you that Love, and heare me sing of Joyes still growing Greene

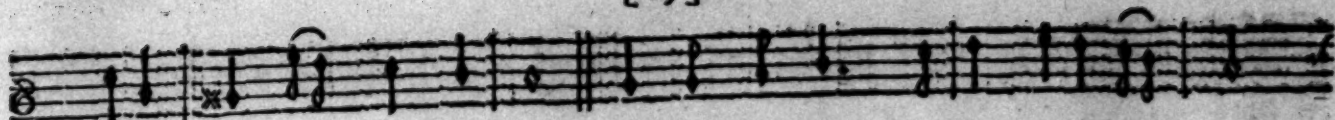


Fresh and Lusty as the pride of Spring and ever blowing, Come hither youths that



Blush and dare not know what is desire, and old men worse then you that



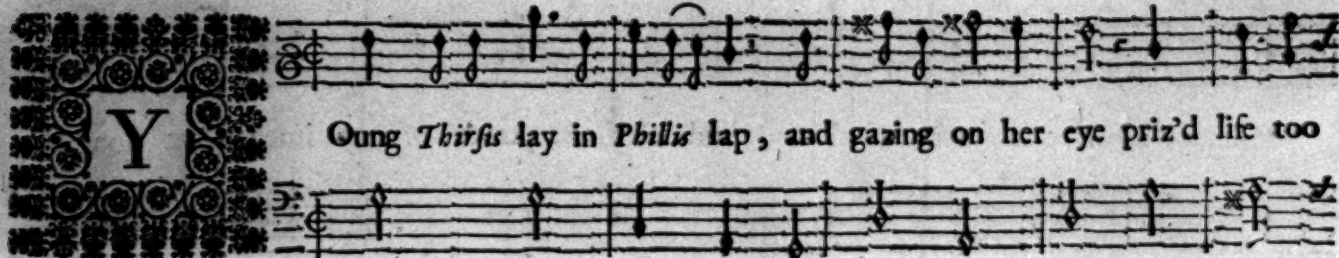


Cannot blow one sparke of Fire , And with the power of my Enchanting Song



Boyes shall be able men and old and ould men young .

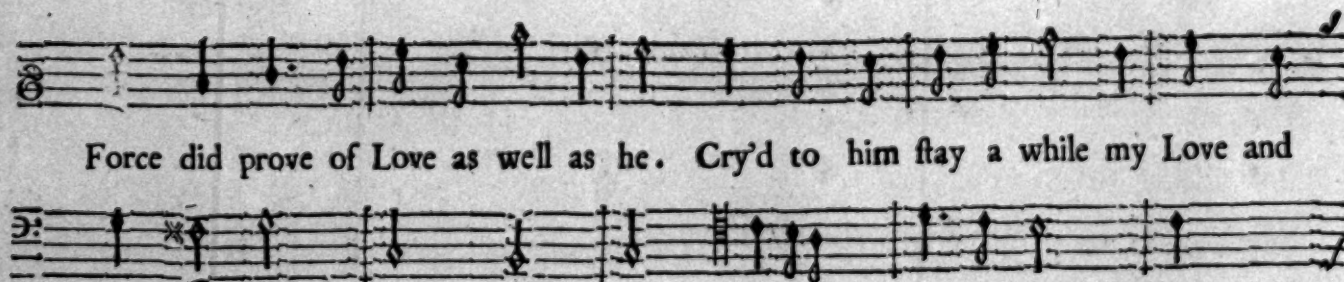




Yong Thirsis lay in Phillis lap, and gazing on her eye priz'd life too

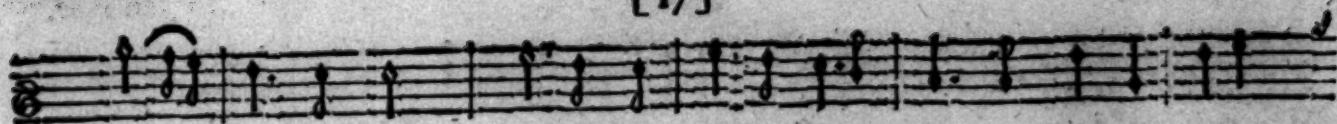


Meane for such good hap and fayne the Lad would dye. When Phillis who the



Force did prove of Love as well as he. Cry'd to him stay a while my Love and

[17]



I will dye with thee. So did these happy Lovers dye, but with so little

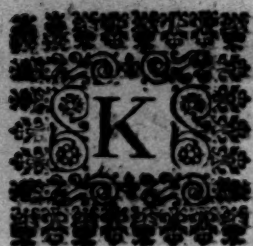


Paine that Both to Life immediately returne to dye againe.



D





Kawasha comes in Majestée, was never such a god as hee
The Worthy's they were nine 'tis true, and lately *Arthurs* Knights we Knew.



He is come from a farr Cuntreé To make our nose a Chimneé a Chimneé:

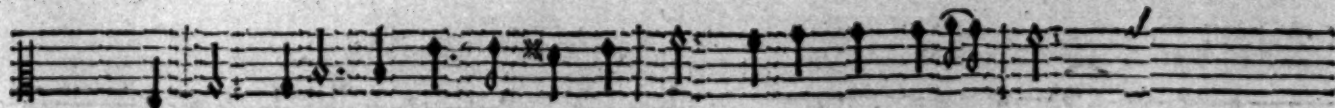
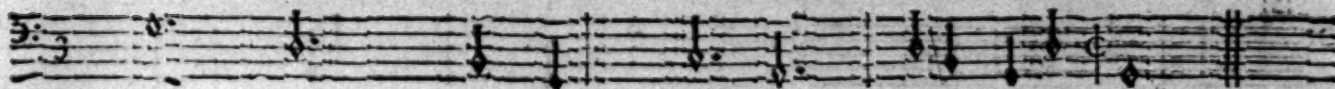
But now are come up of Worthies new, the Roaring Boyes *Kawasha's* Crew *Kawasha's* crew.



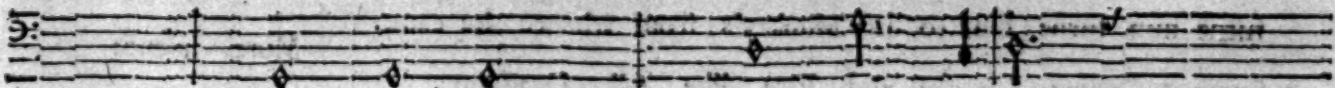


Silenus Affe doth Leere to see, this well appointed Companée.

But if *Silenus* Affe should bray, 'twould make them Roare and run away.

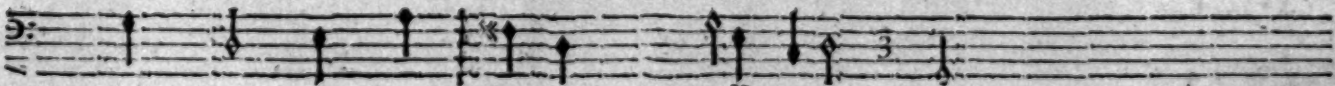


A Hey a Hey a Hey for and a Hoe, a Hey for and a Hoe



Wee'le make this great Potan Drinke off *Silenus* Cann,

Wee'le make *Sylen* fall downe, and cast him in a Swoune.



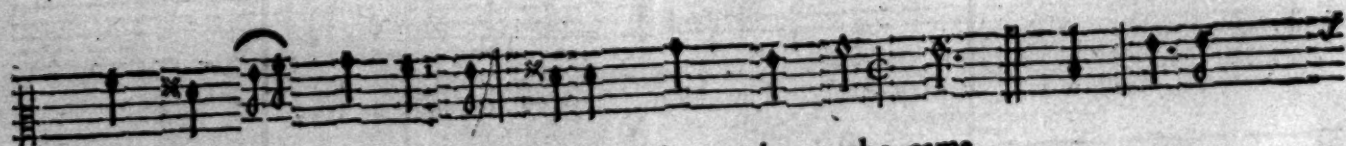
D 2

Turne over.

[20]



And when that he well drunke is :||: :||: re-
To see our men of Ire of of all



turne him turne him to his Munkey's from whence he came. More Infence
Snuffing Puffing Smoake and Fire like fell Dragoone.



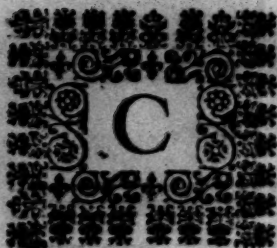


Hath been burned at great *Kawasha's* foot, then to *Sylen* or *Bacchus*



Both, or take in *Jove* to boote. Wherefore then yeeld or quit the field.





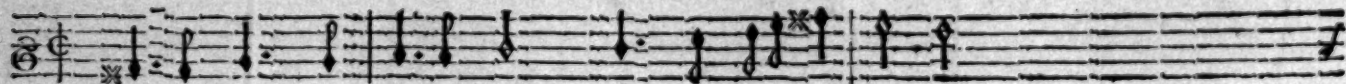
Aft your Capps and Cares away, this is the Beggers Holiday,

In the world look out and see, where's so happy a King as he,



At the Crowning of our King, Thus we ever Dance and Sing:

Where the Nation live so free, And so happy as doe wee:



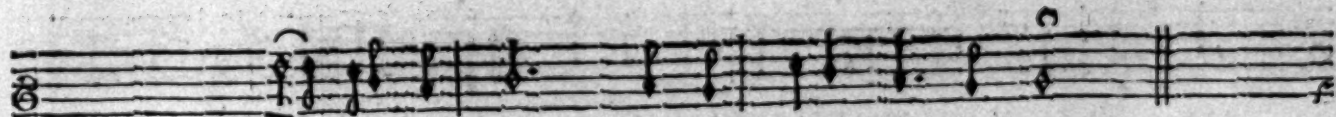
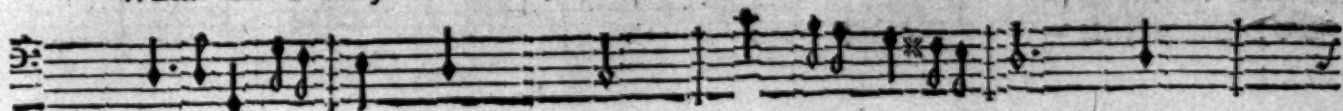
Be it Peace or be it Warre, Here at Liberty we are,

Hang all Officers we cry, And the Magistrates too by,





And enjoy our Ease and Rest , To the Fields wee are not Prest , Nor are
When the Subsidy's encrease , Wee are not a Penny Ceast , Nor will

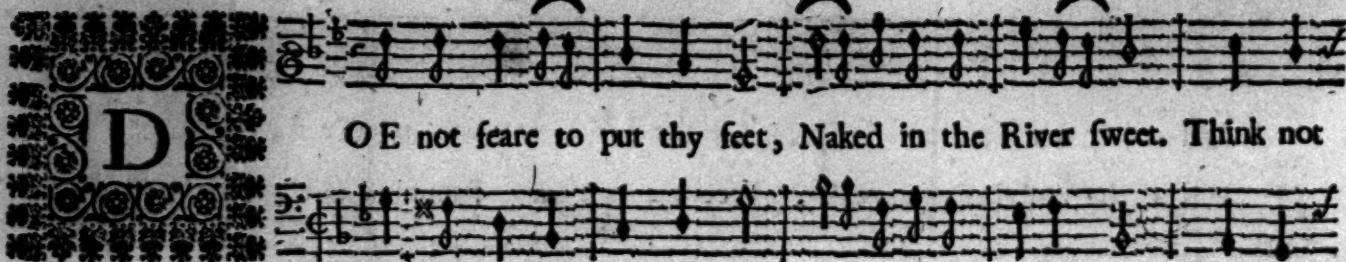


Call'd into the Towne , To be troubled with a Gowne .
Any goe to Law , With a Begger for a Straw .

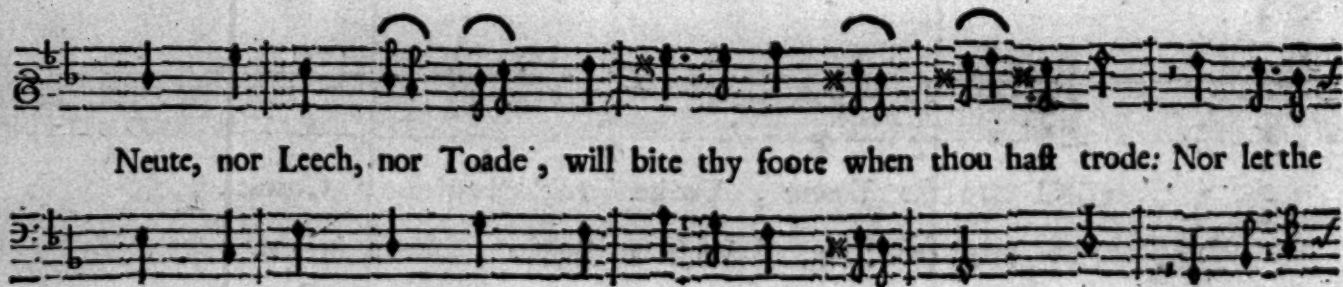


All which happineffe he Braggs , He doth owe unto his Raggs .





D O E not feare to put thy feet, Naked in the River sweet. Think not

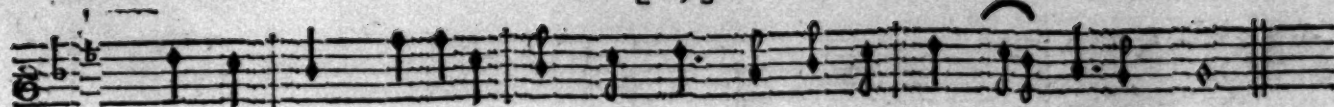


Neute, nor Leech, nor Toade, will bite thy foote when thou hast trode: Nor let the

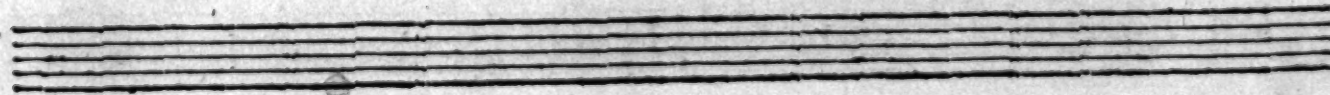
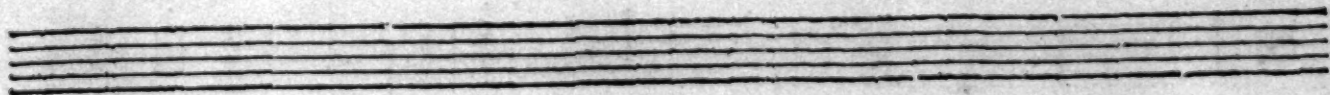


Waters rising high, nor :||: as thou wad'st in make thee

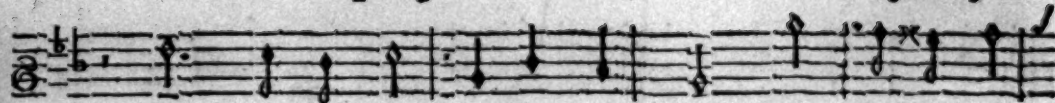
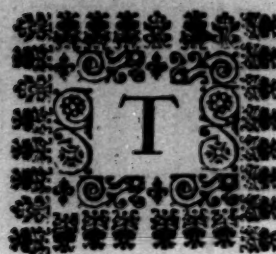
[25]



Cry and sob , but ever live with mee, and not a wave shall trouble thee .



220 E 220



Houghts doe not vex me while I Sleepe ; Griefe doe not doe

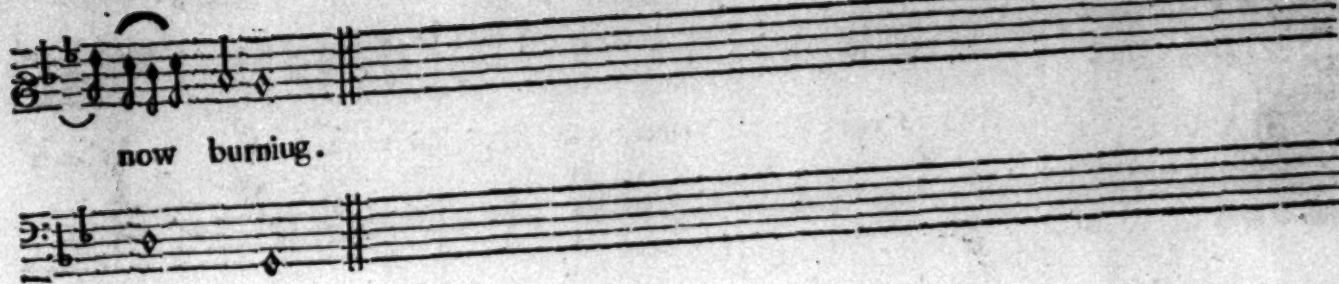


not move mee, Smile not false hope while I weepe Shee cannot love mee, Had I been as



cold and Nice, and as often turning, then as shee had I been Ice, and Shee as I





now burning.

Teares flow no more from my swolne eyes,
 Sighes doe not so oppresse mee,
 Stop not your Eares at my Cryes,
 O but release mee.

Were you but as sad as I,
 And as full of mourning,
 Very griefe would make you dye,
 At least, leave off your scorning.

L

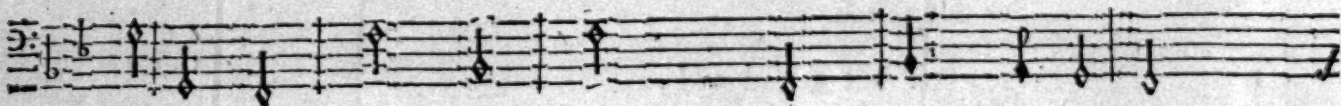
E 2



H O so complaineth gaineth oft Loves just reward. Who so refraineth



paineth dyeing Sans regard, then will I make a vertue of my needing



And spare no speech since words cause Loves best speeding, O you sad lines Pro-





ceeding bleeding, shew my grev'd heart's exceeding needing. Tell her



My sad story, will impair her glory, If shee smile when I am sorry.

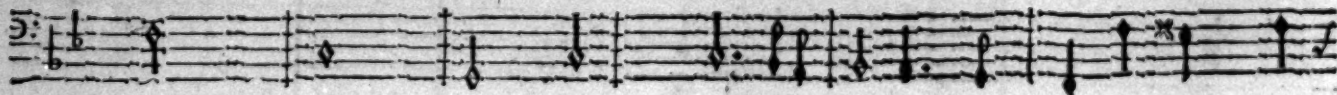




Ome Silent night and in thy gloomy shade hide my dispaire all those that



Trade with grieve doe hate reliefe, and can think nothing faire but thy dark



Mantle, in whose misty Ayre Contemning breath they grope for death



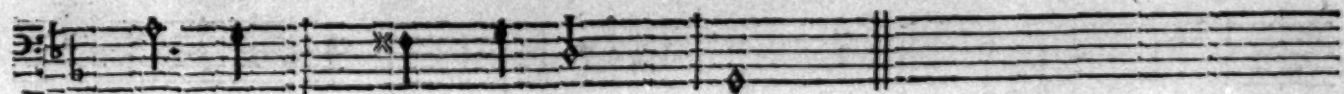
[31]'

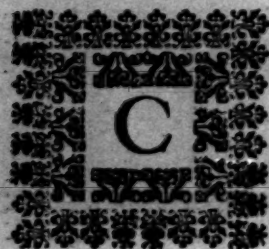


Oh: come and stay, banish the light-some day, the harmes that are not seene



Be but as though they had not been.





Ome Constant Hearts that so prevaile, that ev'ry passion putts in baile, my



Innocence shall dare as farr, to give the Tyrant open warre, if warm'd with pride he kindle fires



Wee'le drowne them in our chaste desires: If he Assaile with Dart or Bow





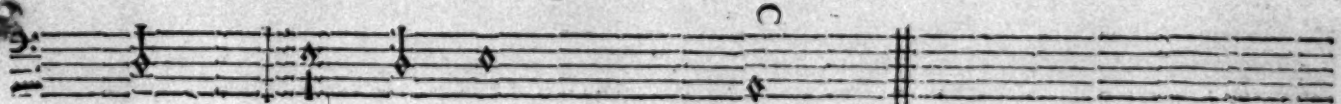
Weele hide them in these hills of Snow, so shall his heart plagu'd Mourne and dye;

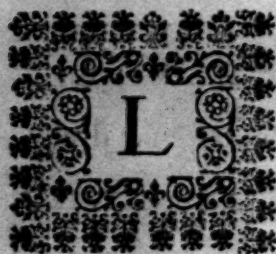


While wee smile at his memory and Keep our Hearts our Eyes our Eares free

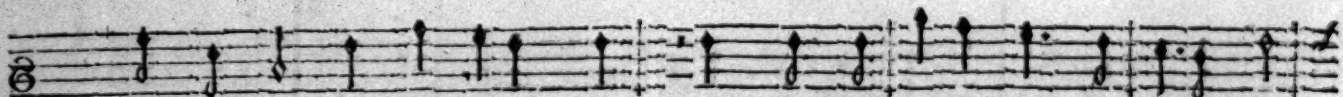


From vaine Sighs, sad sad groanes and Tears.





Ove and disdaine dwells in my Mistres eyes, contending



which of them shall first destroy m.e, Th'one with his restlesse flames my bosome fryes

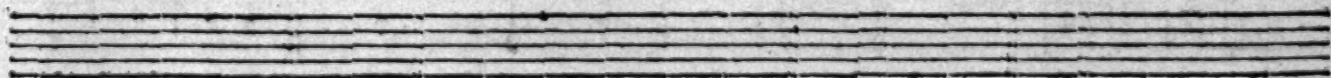
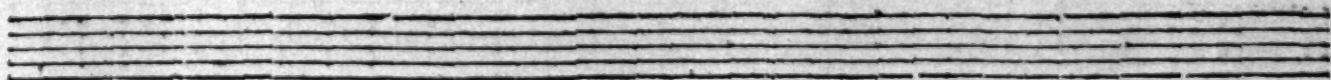
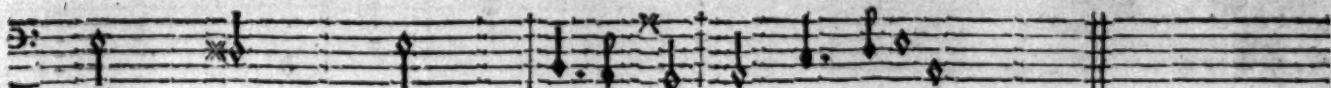


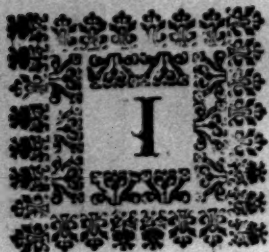
Th'other no lesse doth with his Ice annoy mee. Dearest, since these conclude that





I must dye, will you not mourne at my sad Obsequie.

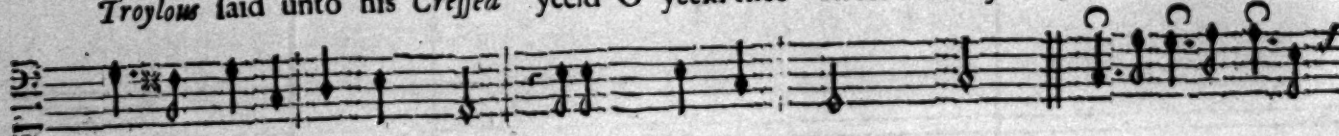




N a season all oppressed, with sad sorrowes poore distressed,



Troilus said unto his Cressed yeeld O yeeld thee sweet and stay not, O no no no no no



No no no Sweet Love I may not.



2

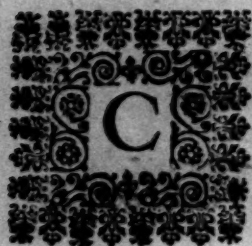
Strife in Love is Loves uniting,
 These hands were not made for fighting,
 But for mutuall hearts delighting,
 Yeeld O yeeld then sweet and stay not:
 O No No &c.

3.

Deare if you will still persever,
 In this No, which answers never
 Doe what I desire you ever.
 And againe say No, and spare not.
 O No No &c. I dare not.

4.

Since nor time nor place nor p'aining,
 Can change this word of disdaining,
 What is there for mee remaining,
 But to dye, if you gainsay not.
 O No No &c. I may not.



Upid thou art a wanton Boy, and heretofore mad'st Love a Toy,



But in thy Raigne a Tyrant art, to Wound a Sheaperdesse's heart:

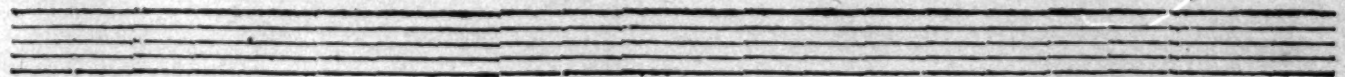


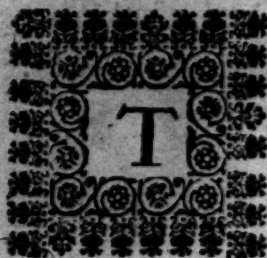
To make her Sigh, Swoune, Weepe, and Pale, Thus Sick yet modest will not



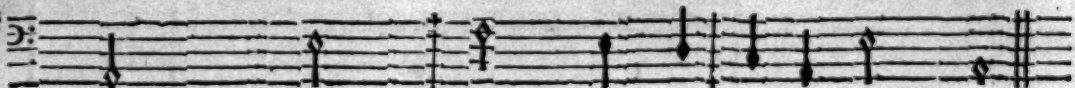


Vaile; But cryes out *Hymen* 'tis your care, For the blind Boy Ple ne're endure.

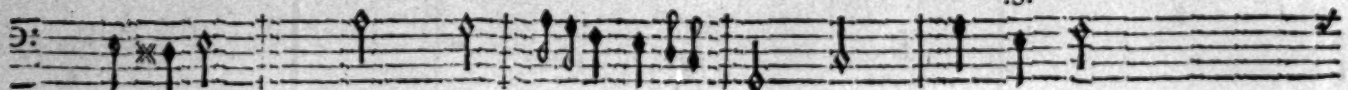


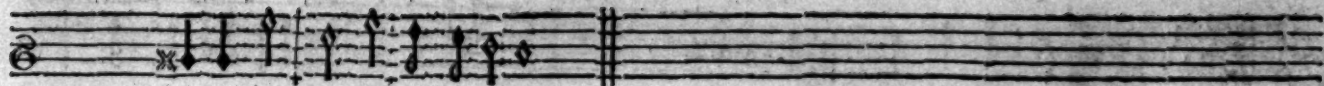


Hough your strangeness frets my heart, yet may not I Complain,
You perswade me 'tis but Art, that secret Love must feigne.



If another you affect, 'tis but a shew t'avoyd suspect, Is this faire ex-





cusing, O no all is abusing.



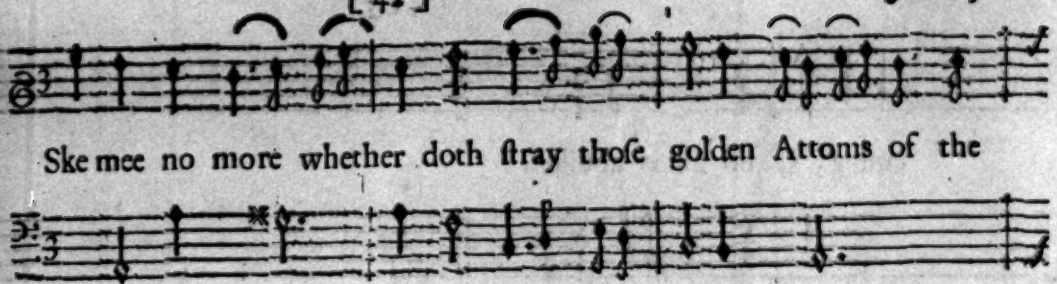
When another holds your hand,
 You sweare I have your heart :
 When my Rivalls close doe stand,
 And I stand farre apart.

They enjoy you every one,
 Yet must I seeme your friend alone ;
 Is this faire excusing,
 O no all is abusing.

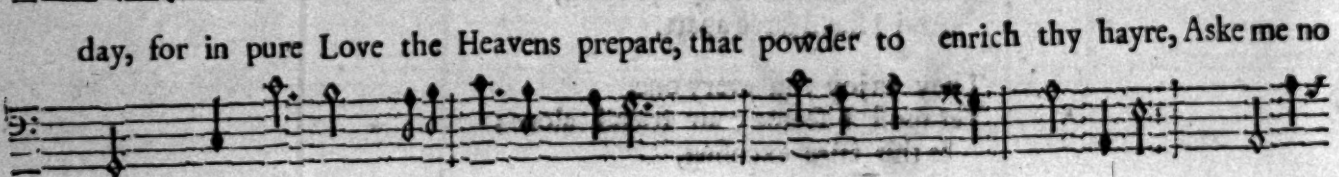


G

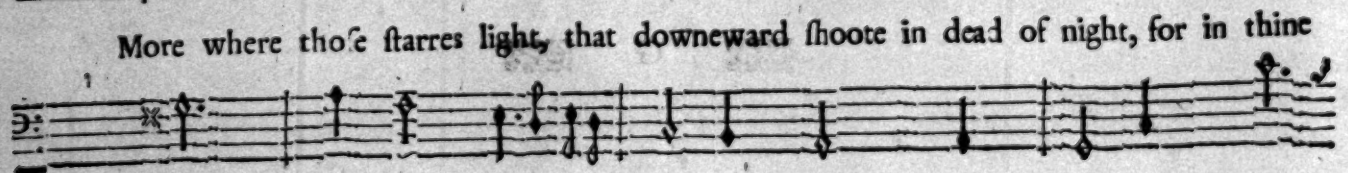




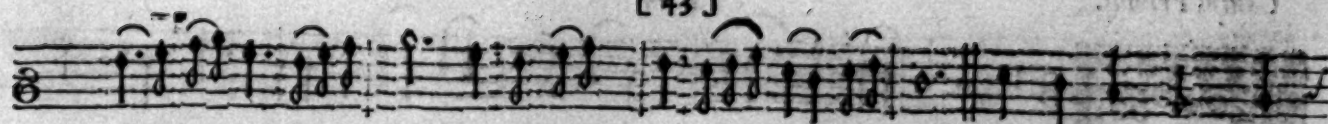
Ske mee no more whether doth stray those golden Atoms of the



day, for in pure Love the Heavens prepare, that powder to enrich thy hayre, Aske me no



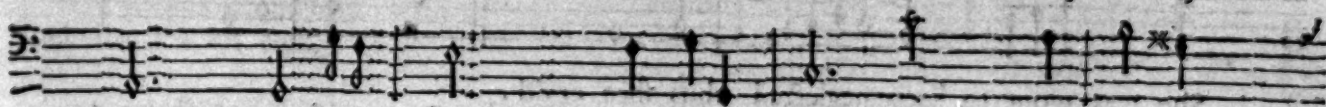
More where those starres light, that downward shoote in dead of night, for in thine



Eyes they set and there, fixed become as in their Spheare, Aske me no more where



Jove bestowes when June is gone the flaming Rose, for in thy beautyes

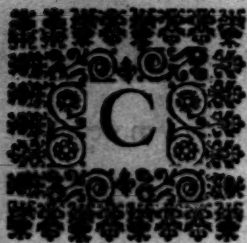


Orient deepe, all flowres as in their causes sleepe.

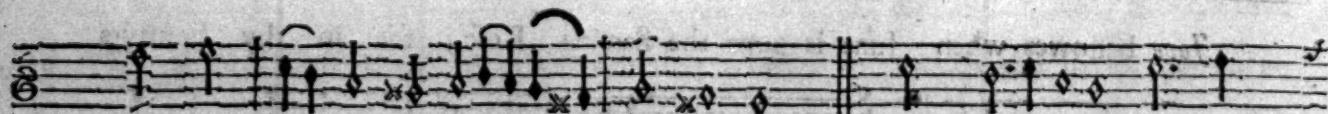


Nor aske me more if East or West
The Phoenix builds her Spicie Nest,

For unto thee at last shee flies
And in thy fragrand bosome dyes.



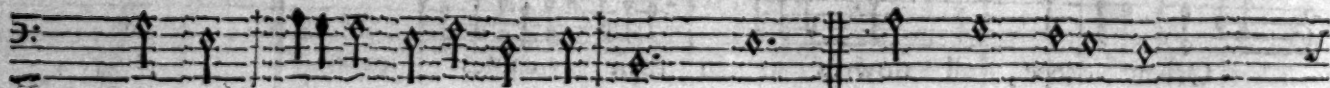
Lora's false Love made *Clora* weepe, and by a Rivers side, Her flocks which
Is't not injustice O yee Gods to kindle my desires, And to leave



She was wont to keepe neglected thus shee cry'd.

His at so much odds, as there's no mutuall fires.

Poore victory to pierce a





Heart that was a tender one, but Cowardize to spare your dart from his that was a stone.



First part.

As shee thus mourn'd the teares that fell
Downe from her Love-sick eyes
Did in the Waters dropp and swell;
And into bubbles rise.

Second Part.

Wherein her blubber'd face appeares,
Now out alas said shee,
How doe I melt away in teares,
For him that Loves not mee.

First Part.

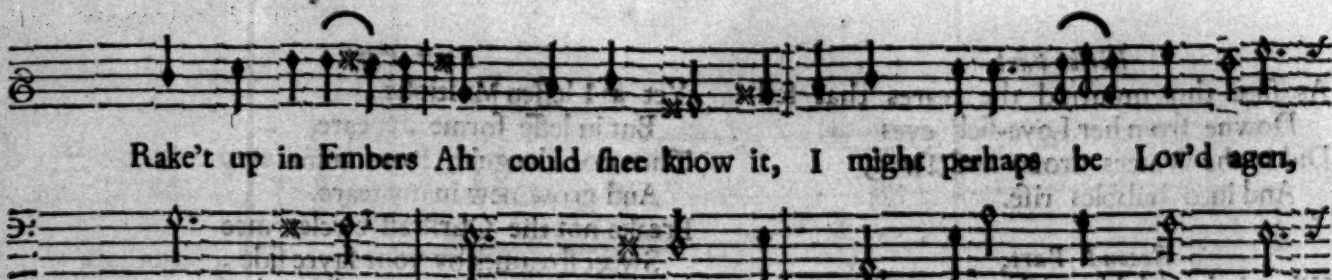
Yet as I lessen Multiplie,
But in lesse forme appeare,
Thus doe I languish from mine eye,
And grow new in my teare.
Breake not the Christall circles mee
Sweet streames by your fayre side,
My Love perhaps may walking bee,
And I may be espied.

Second Part.

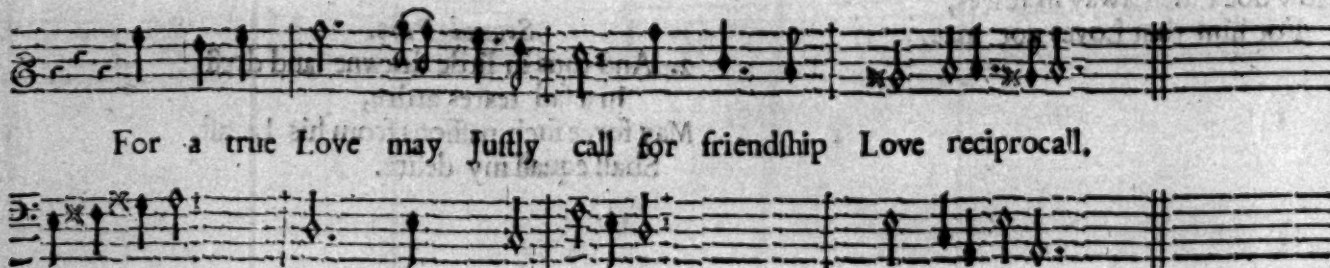
2. And thus in little drawne and drest
In a sad teares attire,
May force such passions from his breast,
Shall equall my desire.



I Love (alas) but cannot shew it I keep a fire that burnes within



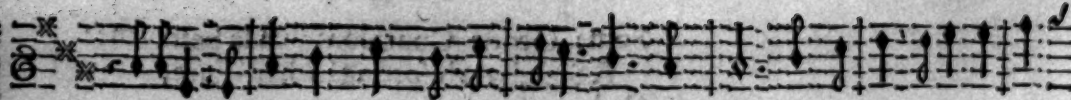
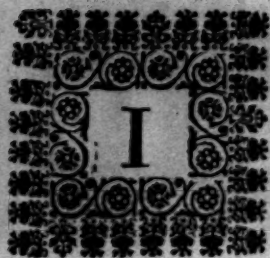
Rake't up in Embers Ah could thee know it, I might perhaps be Lov'd agen,



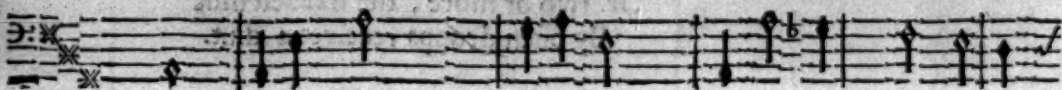
For a true Love may Justly call for friendship Love recipocall.

Some Gentle Courteous winde betray mee
 A Sigh, by whispering in her Eare,
 Or let a piteous shower convey mee
 And drop into her breast a reare,
 Or two or more, the hardest flint
 By often dropps receives a dint.

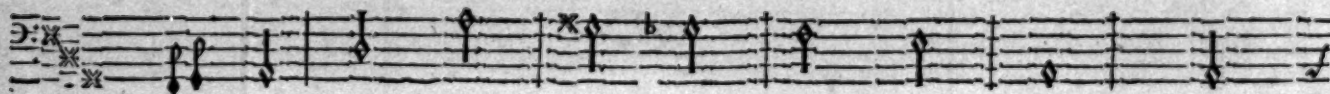
Shall I then vexe my heart and rend it
 That is already too too weake;
 No no they say Lovers may send it
 By wrighting what they cannot speake,
 Goe then my Muse and let this verse
 Bring back my life or else my Hearse.



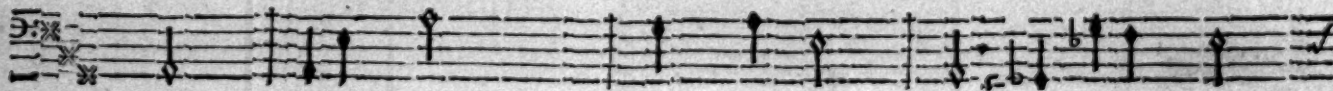
F I dye, be this my will, Let my spirit serve thee still, and desire if not fulfill



Thy whole pleasure so approving, Death is not the end of Loving. Let the

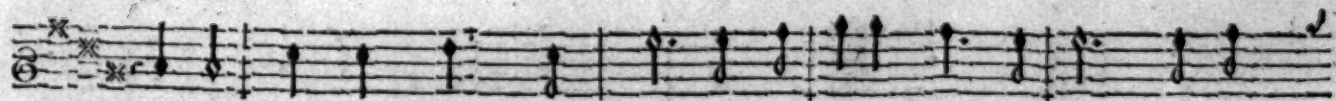


Earth my Body have whence it sprung, there be my grave, Only the remembrance

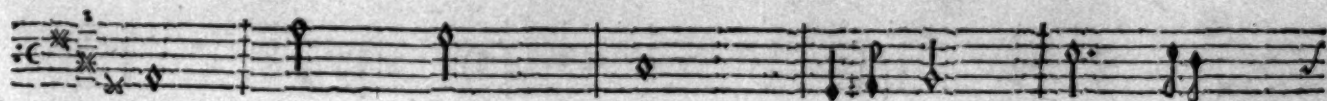




Have of my Image; Let death never, me from thy Acquaintance sever



The last Breath my Tongue shall move, be the Ayrie forme of Love, And de-

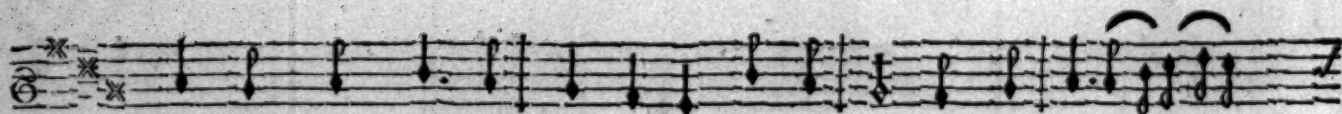


spight of death approve (lifes privation thus defying) if not dead I love thee dying.





Reedy Lover pause a while, and remember that a Smile hereto-



fore would have made thy hopes a feast, which is more since thy dyet was in-



crast, then both Looks and Language too, or the face it selfe can doe such a province





Is my Hand as if it thou couldst command heretofore there thy lipps would



Seem to dwell which is more ever since they sped so well, then they can be brought to



Doe, by my neck and bosome too. If the center of my breast, a dominion unpos-



H 2

Turne over



lest heretofore may thy wandering thought suffice seeke no more, and my heart shall



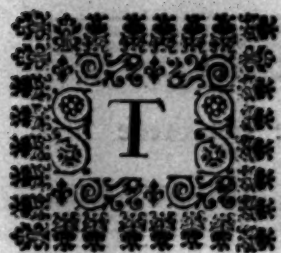
Be thy prize, so thou Keep above the Line, all the Hemisphere is thine.



If the flames of love were pure,
Which by Oath thou didst assure
Here - to - fore,
Gold that goes into the cleere
shines the more.

When it leaves agen the fire,
Let not then those looks of thine
Blemish what they should refine,

I have cast into the fire
Almost all thou could'st desire
Here - to - fore,
But I see thou art to crave
More and more;
Should I cast in all I have,
So that were I ne're so free,
Thou would'st burn, though not for mee.



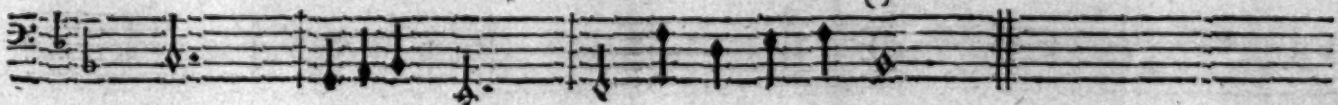
Hine eyes to mee like Sunnes appeare or brighter starres their light whih



Makes it Summer all the yeare, Or else a day of Night. But truely I doe



Think they are but eyes, and neither Sunne nor Starre.





Wake Awake the Morne will never rise, 'till thee can dresse her



Beauties at thine eyes. The Larke forakes her watry nest and mounting

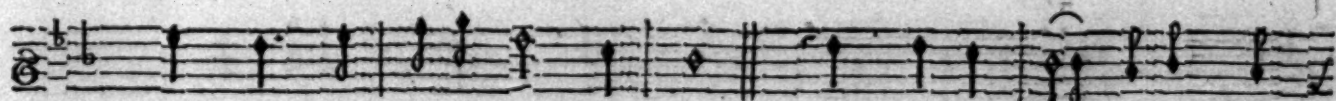
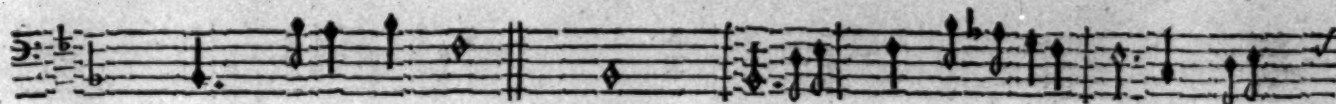


Shakes her dewy wings taking thy window for the East, and as thee





Climbes aloft shee sings, Awake awake the Morne will never rise 'till shee



Can dresse her Bauties at thine eyes. The Merchant bowes unto the



Sea-mans Starre, The Plow-man from the Sunne his Season takes,



Turne over

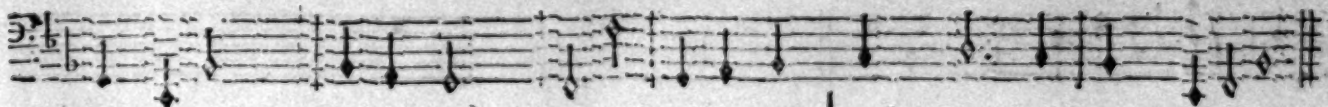
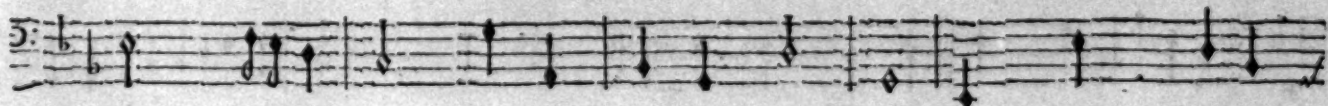
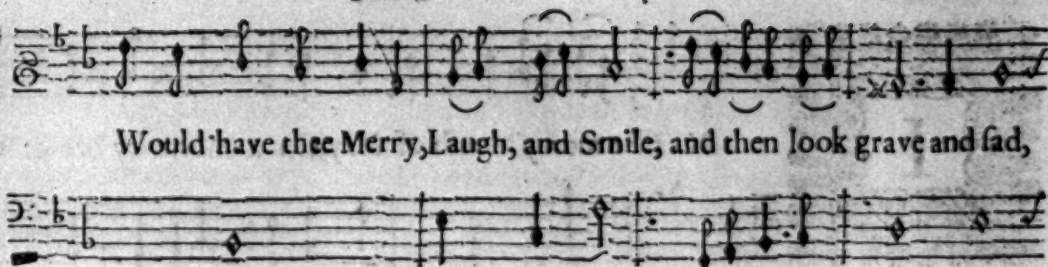
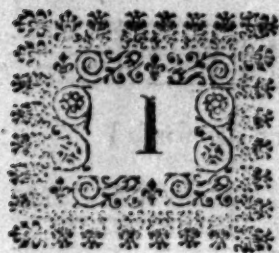


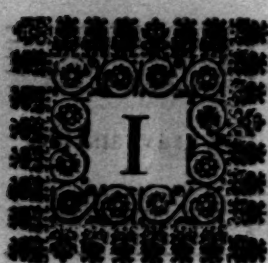
Only the Lover wonders what they are who seeke for light before his Mistres wakes.



Awake awake the Morne will never rise, 'till thee can dresse her beauties at thine eyes.







N The merry Month of May, On a Morne by breake of day forth I

Walked the woods so wide, when as May was in her pride, there I spyed all alone

Pbilliday with Coridon.

2.

Much a doe there was god wot,
 He could Love but shee could not,
 His Love Hee said was ever true,
 Nor was mine e're false to you.
 He said he had Lov'd her long,
 Shee said Love should have no wrong.

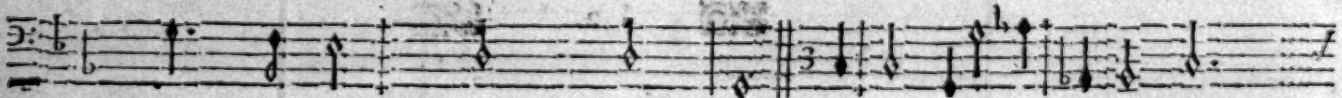
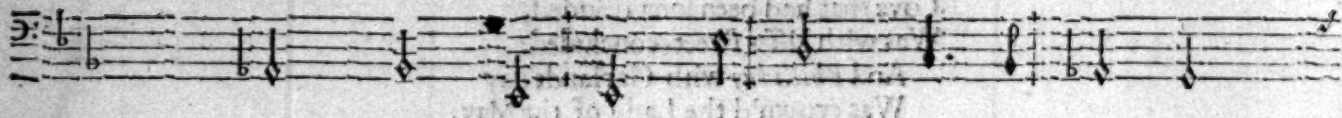
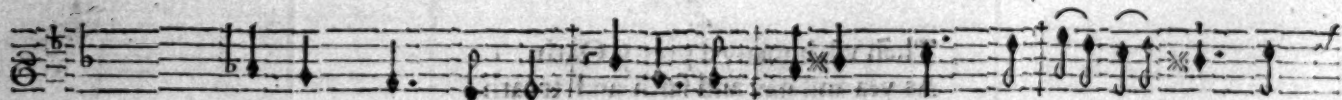
3.

Coridon would Kisse her then,
 Shee said Maids must kisse no men
 'Till they kist for good and all,
 Then Shee made the Shepheards call;
 All the godds to witnesse sooth
 Ne're was lov'd a fairer youth,

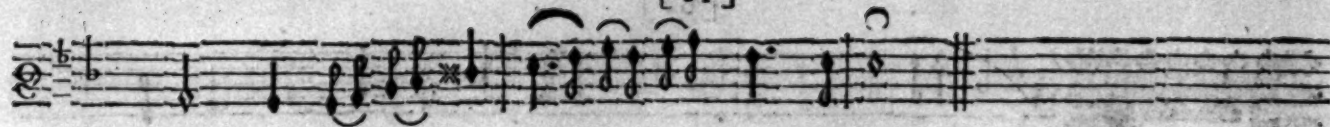
4.

Then with many a pretty Oath
 As yea and nay and faith and troath,
 Such as silly Sheapheards use
 When they will not Love abuse,
 Love that had been long deluded,
 Was with kisses sweet concluded:
 And *Phyllis* with Garlands gay
 Was crown'd the Lady of the May.

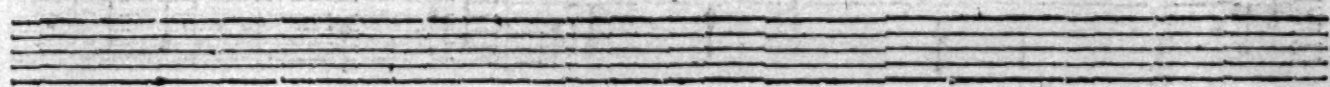


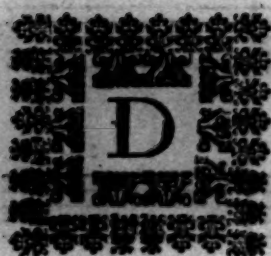


[61]



Dy'de, the Night departs. yet still my woes abide.





Eere give mee a thousand kisses pay the dept thy Lipps doe owe



Let the number of those Blissess to ten thousand thousand grow, 'till to infinites they



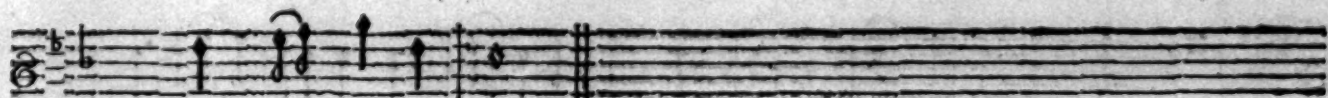
Flow. Let the sweet perfum'd treasure of thy breath my Spirits fill, so en-



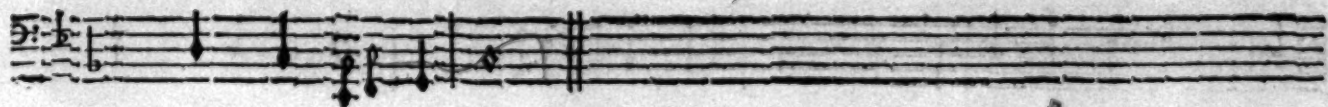
[63]

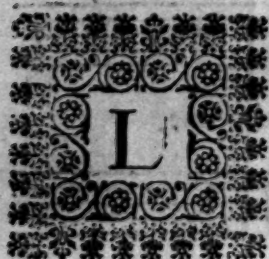


joying endlesse pleasures, breaths re-breathing let us still, breathe one



Breath, and with one will.





Awne as white as driven Snow, Cypresse black as ere was Crow,



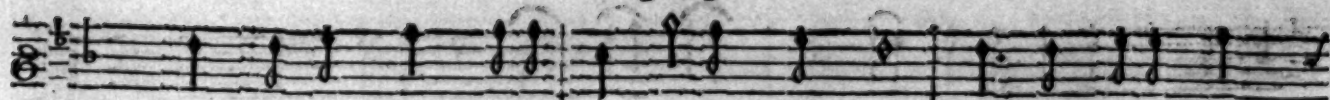
Gloves as sweet as Damaske Rofes, Maskes for Faces and for Noies, Bugle Braceletts



Necklace Amber, Perfumes for a Ladyes Chamber, Golden Coyfes and stoma -



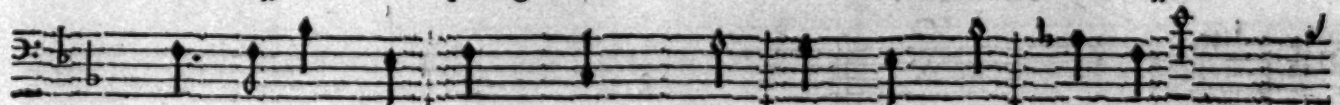
[65]



- chers for my Ladds, for :||: To give their Deer's Pinns and Poting sticks



Pinns :||: And poting sticks of Steele what Maids lack what :||:



What :||: from head to heele, what :||:



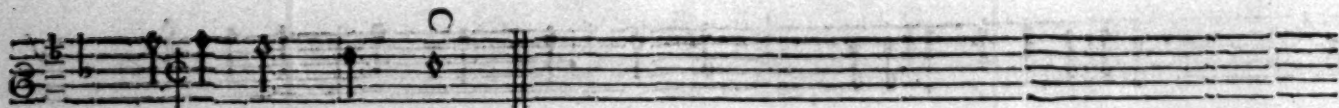
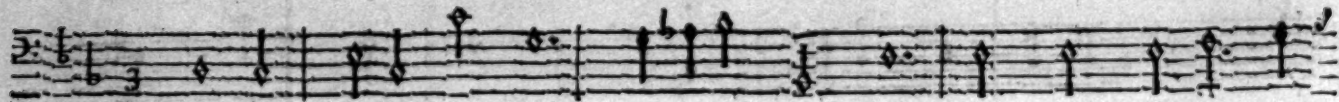
K

Turne over

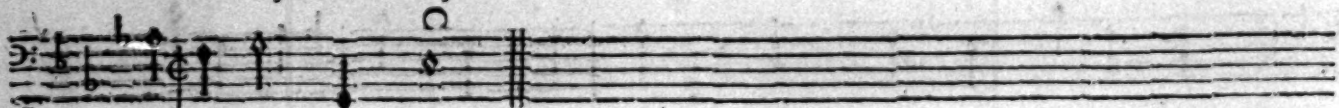
[66]

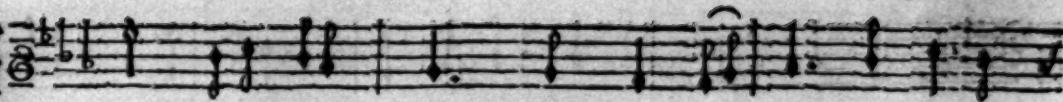


Come buy of mee come, Come buy come buy, buy Ladds or else your

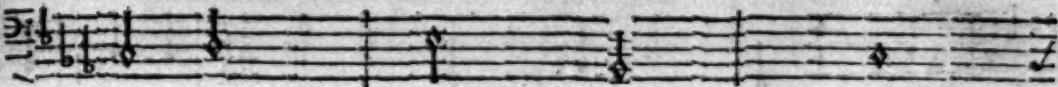


Lasses cry come buy.





OE weather-beaten thoughts with stormes of teares that issue



From your selfe conceived sorrow, prize her hard heart, presse her unwilling cares to



Heare my nights unrest my grieving Morrow. Tell her the harbour where your



K 2

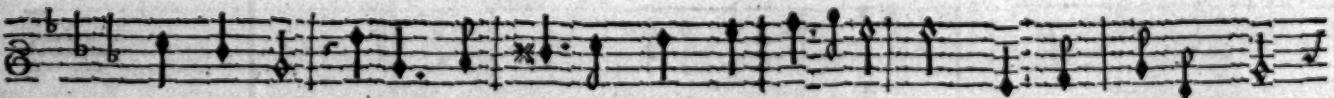
Turne over



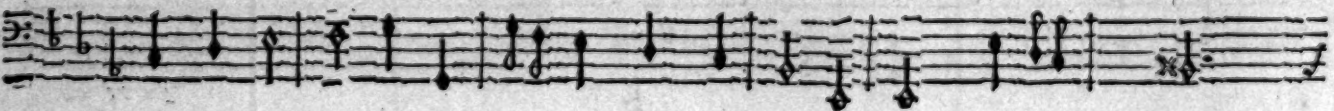
Selves doe dwell, is my poore heart whereon you beate so fore, as does the clapper on a restles bell

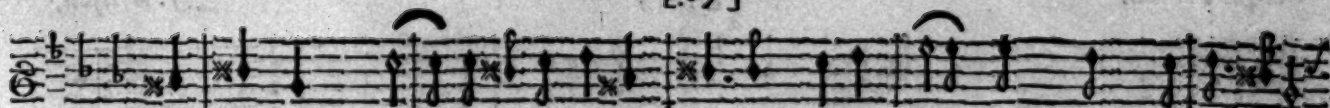


Ring for the foules that wee shall see no more. And sighs make knowne my will is



made to her, to her that hath my heart for Legacy. Then burst your swellings home





And in smoake vade, to be a witneffe to the standers by, that they may testify



How much I Lov'd her, and shee repent that all this never mov'd her.





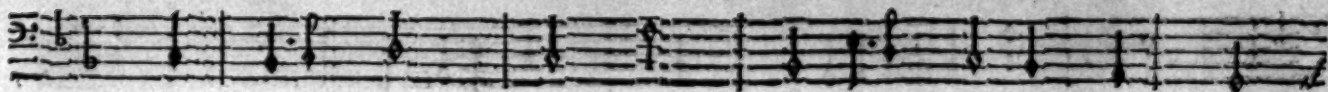
O E restlesse thoughts fly from your Masters breast, and seeke out her that

Causeth thus my griefe, presse to her heart, letting it never rest untill from her you bring with

You reliefe. Tell her you come from one, that's deadly sick a bleeding heart



Whose wounds cannot be healed by any others policy or witt, but by a



Love which hath been long concealed, Pitty perchance may move this sweet ef-



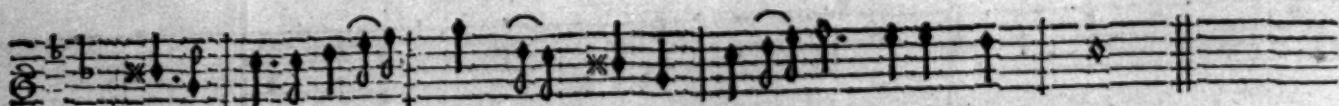
fect, and change her minde into some better moode. Pray heavens her favour



Turne over.

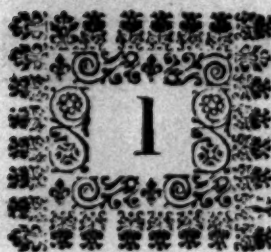


So on you reflect, that in your suit you may be understood. Then must you

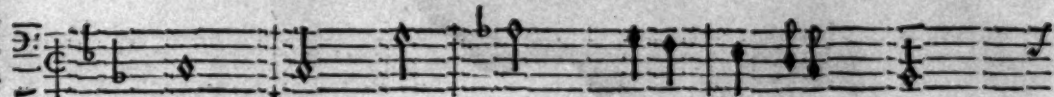


Bridle your unruly tongue, and speake her praises and forget your wrong.

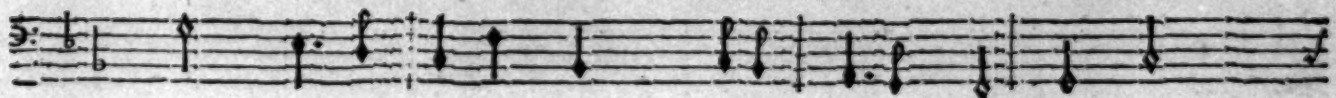




F my Lady bid beginne, Shall I iay No 'tis a finne?



If thee bidd mee Kisse and play, Shall I shrink? Cold Foole away.



If Shee clap my Cheekes and spye litle Cupids in my eye gripe my hand and

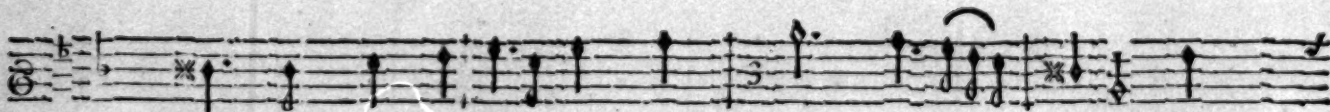




Stroake my haire, shall I like a faint heart feare. No, no, no, let those that



Lye in dismall dungeons and would dye, dispaire and feare, Let those that

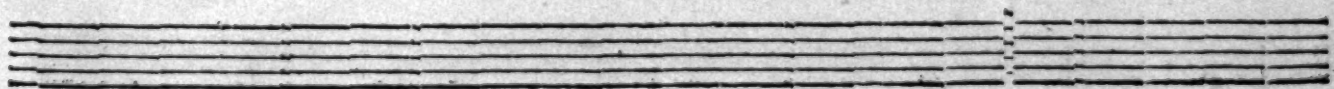


Cry they are forsaken and would flye, quit their fortunes mine





Are free, Hope makes mee Hardy, so does Shee.



L 2





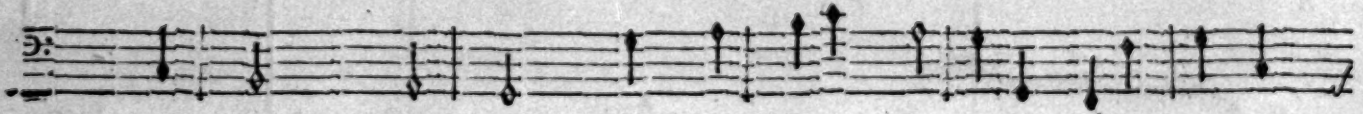
Ell mee where the beauty lyes in my Mistresse, or mine eyes, is shee fayre



I made her so, Beauty doth from liking grow. Be shee fayrer whiter than

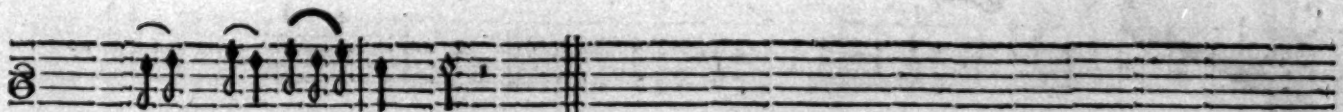


Venus Doves or Leda's Swanne, What's that Beauty if neglected, seen of all, of

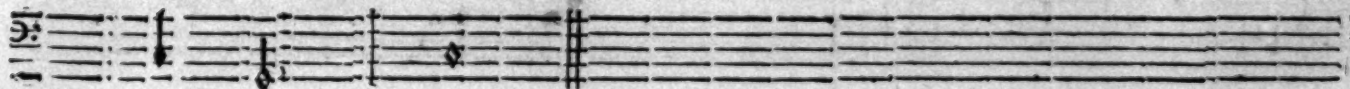


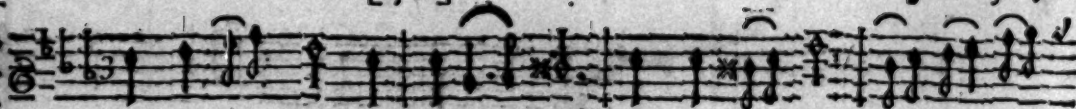
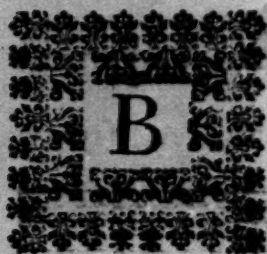


None respected. Then let my Mistresse that I love her, think her fayre



Cause I, approve Her.

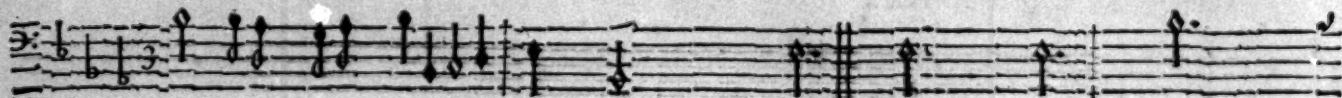




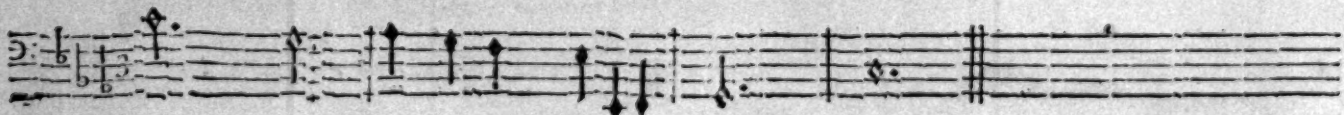
Oast not blind boy that I'me thy prize, 'twas not thy Dart but those that



Feather'd with her eyes first strooke my heart. Th'ill tuter'd shafts and

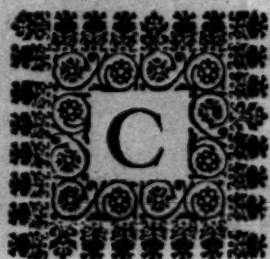


Childish Bow, on faintly loving hearts bestowe.



I Vaunt my flame and dare defye
 Those Bugbeare fires,
 Which only serve to terrify
 Fooles fond desires:
 Hoard up for such thy painted flame,
 As tremble when they heare thy name.

My heart thy fire nor shafts could pierce,
 But holy flashes,
 Swifter then lightning and more fierce,
 Burnt mine to ashes;
 Where lett them sleepe in unknown rest;
 Since Fate concludes their Urne her breast.



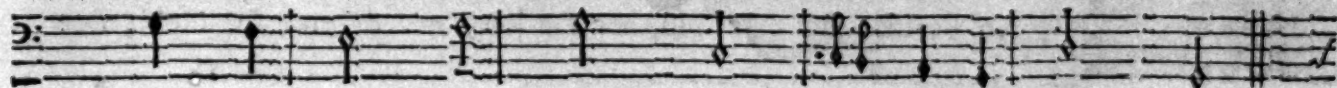
Ome thou Father of the Spring: Come *Zephyrus*, and while we sing

Spread thy Nectar-dewed wings over all this place below, that from hence such

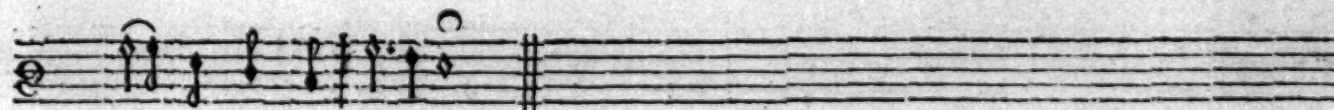
Sweet may grow, *Hybla* shall envy at the shew, that the Nymphs and higher



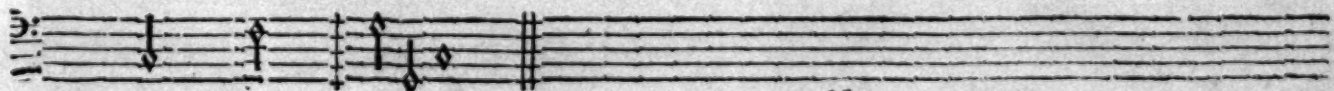
Powers may cast their eyes out at their Bowers, and descend to p'uck thy Flowers,

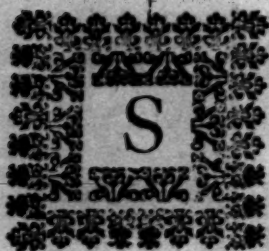


Whence a rich perfume shall rise, to swell the Ayre and pierce the Skies



Sweeter then a Sacrifice,





Is this my little Mistrresse here, did ne're pretend to *Peters Chaire*, nor
No Benefice shee ever sold, nor Pardon, nor dispence for Gold, shee

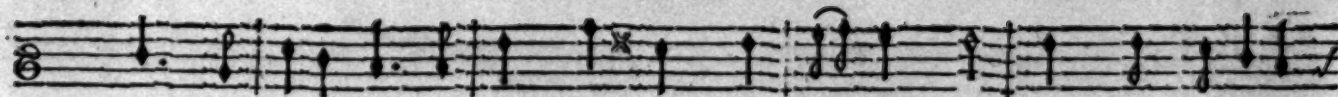


Any Triple Crowne did weare, and yet shee is a Pope.

Scarcely is a quarter old, and yet shee is a Pope.

No Kings her





Feet did ever Kisse, or had worse looks from Her then this. Nor doth shee ever



Hope, to Saint men with the Rope, and yet shee is a Pope.



A female Pope, you'l say a second *Joane*, but sure this is Pope *Innocent* or none.





O No I tell thee no, Though from thee I Must goe, Yet my



Heart saies not so. It swears by Stella's eyes, in whose darting surprize

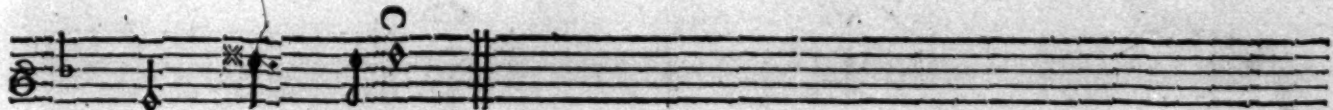
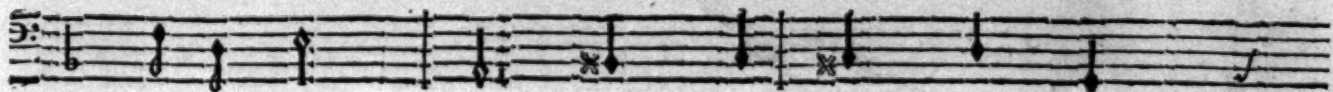


It in Loves fetters lies. It swears by those Roses and Lillies so White,

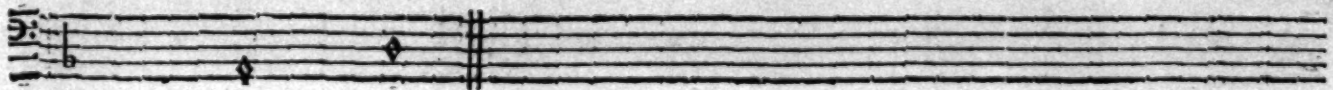


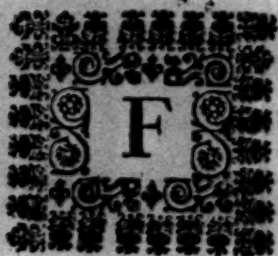


And those Rubies so Bright, Ne're to part ne're to part from my



Deare deare delight.





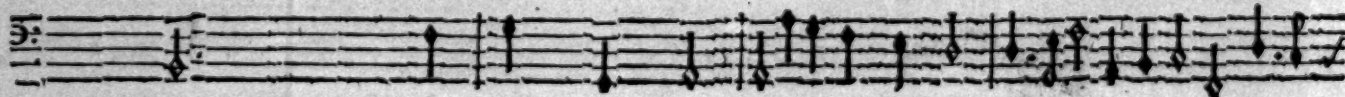
Or ever let thy heavenly Tapers on the Married brightly shine



And never may un-sacred vapours drowne those glorious flames of thine. O Hymen



That their Hands, their Hands doft joyne untill thy Rayes to darknesse turne,



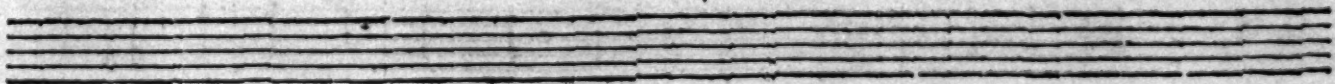
[87]

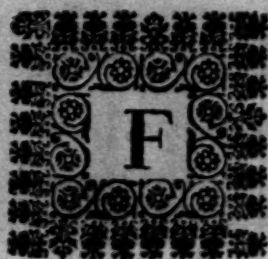


With thy high Praise, with thy high praise, our hearts shall burne, our



Hearts shall burne.





Ly hence shadowes that doe Keepe watchfull sorrowes Charm'd in sleepe,



Though the eyes be overtaken yet the heart doth ever waken, thoughts charm'd



Up in busy snares of Continuall toyles and cares, Love and griefes are so exprest,



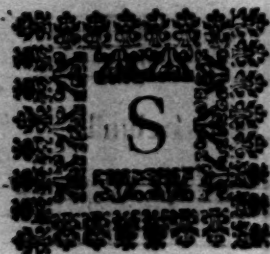


That they rather sigh then rest. Fly hence shadowes that doe keepe watchfull



Sorrows charm'd in sleepe, Watchfull sorrows charm'd in sleepe.

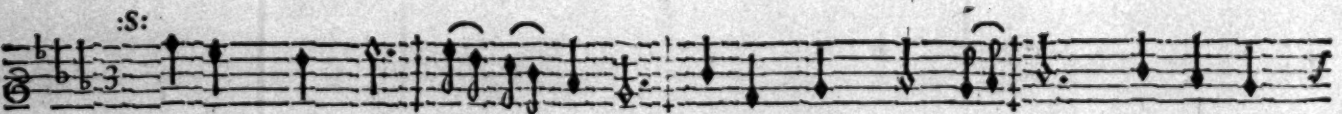
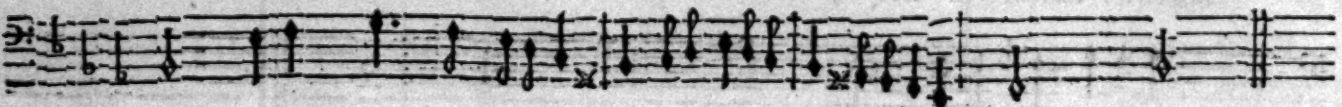




Ince Love hath in thine and mine Eye Kindled a holy flame,



What Pitty 'twere to let it dye, what sinne to quench the same.

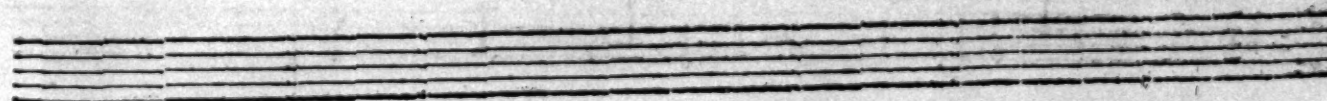


The starres that seeme extinct by day, disclose their flames at night, and in a





Subtile fence convey their Loves in beames of light.



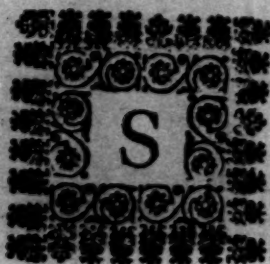
3. So when the Jealous Eye and Eare,
Are shut or turn'd a side:
Our tongues, our Eyes may talke nor feare
The being heard or spy'd.

4. What though our bodies cannot meete,
Loves fuell's more divine,
The fixt starres by their twinkling greeke,
And yet they never joyne.

5. Falie Meteors that doe change their place,
Though they seem fair and bright,
Yet when they coveit to embrace,
Fall downe and loose their light.

6. If thou perceive thy flame decay,
Come light thine Eyes at mine:
And when I feele mine fade away,
I'll take new fire from thine.

7. Thus while wee shall preserve from wast,
The flame of our desires,
No Vestall shall maintaine more chaste,
Or more lthmortall fires.



Ince Love hath brought thee, and I have caught thee here in this bower



And at this Hower, Nor shall thy faynings, thy coy disdaynings thy causelesse



Chidings, thy short abidings, thy crafty smilings thy quaint be





-guilings, Nor those thy struglings, with all thy juglings shall make mee



Leave thee No No thou shalt no more deceive mee.

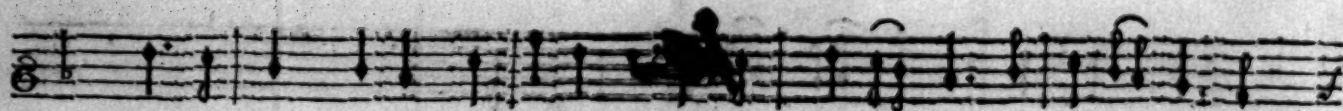


2. See'st thou that fountaine, Under that Mountaine,
 Wat'ring those vallyes, Along whose allyes,
 Thou once did'st fly mee, when I did spye thee,
 Even in this Atire, Held by a Satyre :
 Under that Sapling, In a close grappling,
 When I did threat him, and after beat him,
 And yet would'st leave mee,
 No, No, thou shalt no more deceive mee.

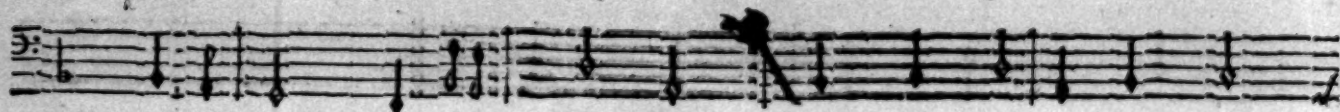
3. Then cease thy panting, And be not wanting,
 In those sweet graces, and deare embraces,
 Wherewith thou bindest, all that thou mindest,
 And fall a Billing, 'till I be willing,
 So to repay thee, that which may stay thee,
 And so delight thee, that to requite mee,
 Thou ne're wilt leave mee,
 Nor ever offer to deceive mee:



On Heraulds of my Mistresse heart, beauties fairest jewell, to mee her

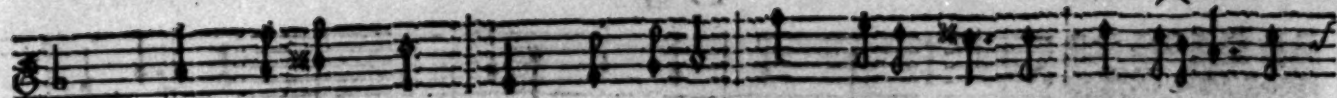


Passions force impart, that I may know if Shee or no, in-tendeth to bee



Cruell, your silence can with art expresse, the heart's unfeined story



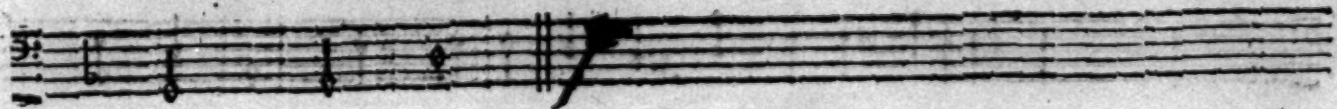


When modest tongues feare to confesse then daring eyes can best devise en-



-chanting

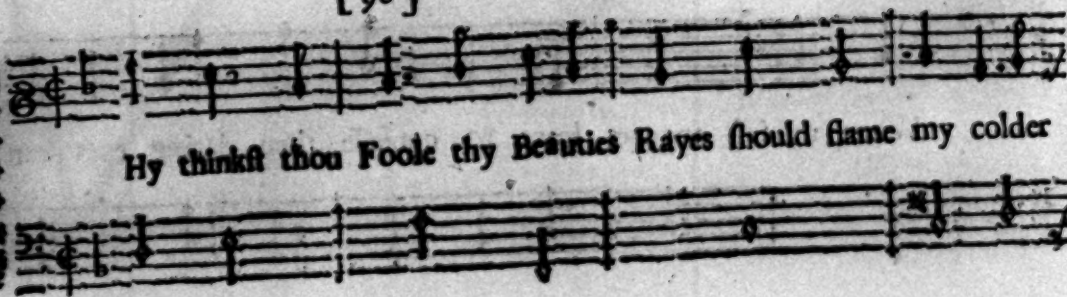
O-ra-to-ry.



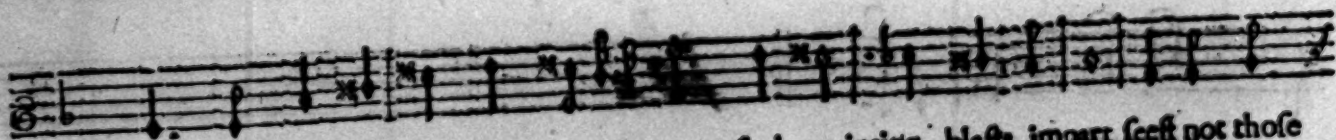
Cantus Primus.

[96]

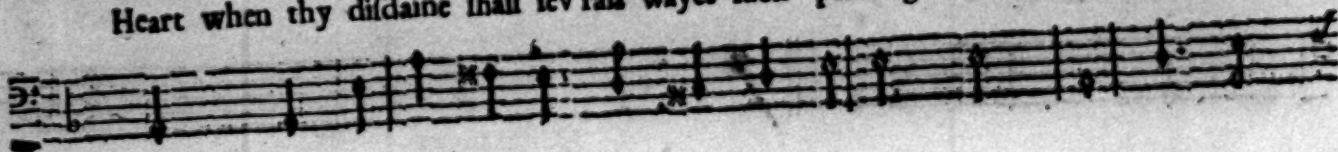
J. Wilson.



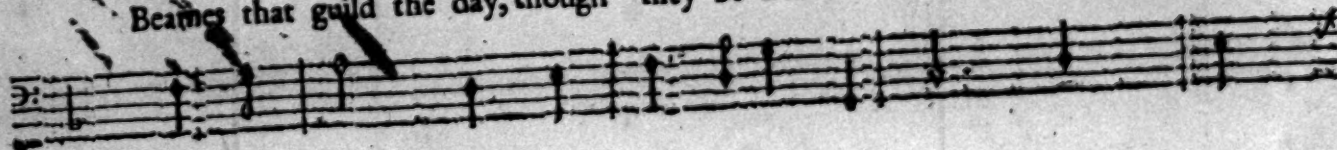
Hy thinkst thou Foole thy Beauties Rayes should flame my colder



Heart when thy disdaine shall sev'rall wayes such peircing blasts impart seeft not those



Beames that guild the day, though they be hot and fierce t'have neither heate





Nor power to stay, when windes themselves disperse, So though thine



Eye heates my desire, yet know thy coy disdain falls like a storme on



That young fire, and blowes mee coole againe.

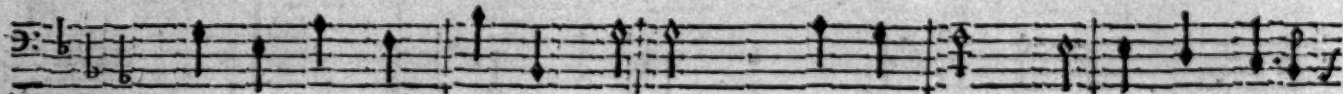




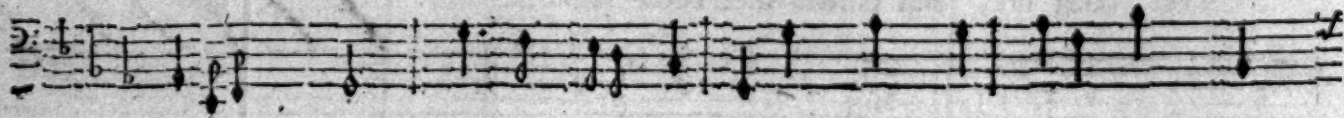
Hen the cleer Sunn with his beams hot, Scorched the

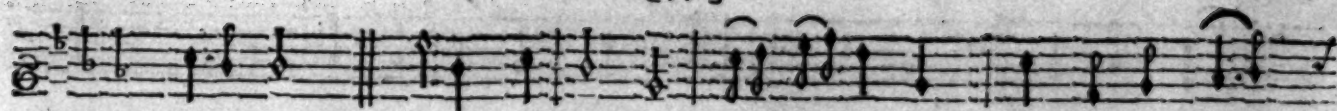


Grasse in Meade and Mountaine, *Strephon* the Sheaphcard now forgot, late sitting by a



Christall fountaine under a spreading Beeches shade, for *Phyllis* care this

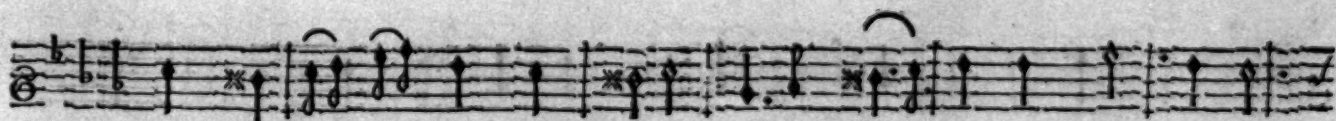




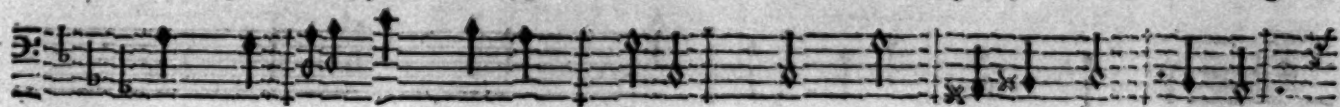
Ditty made; Farewell farewell false and untrue Love, light as the winde



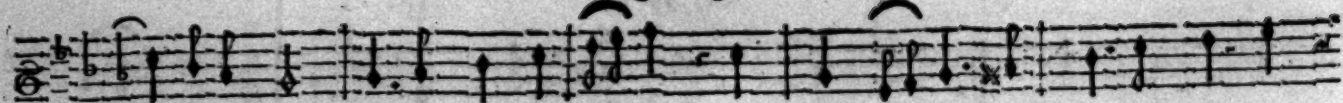
Soon chang'd for new love. So long as I was in your fight I



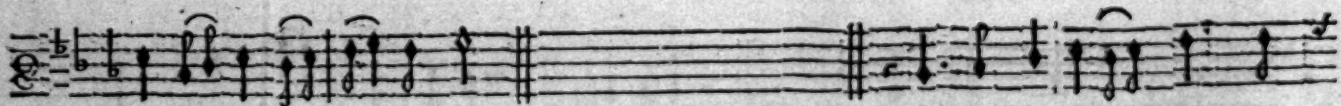
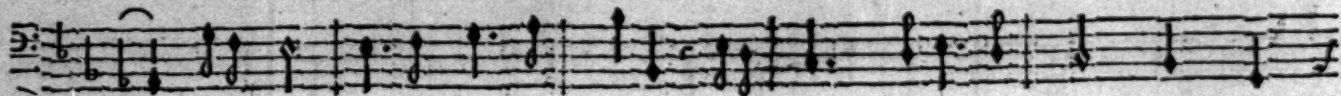
Was your life, your heart, your treasure, and with fain'd eyes you moan'd and sigh'd



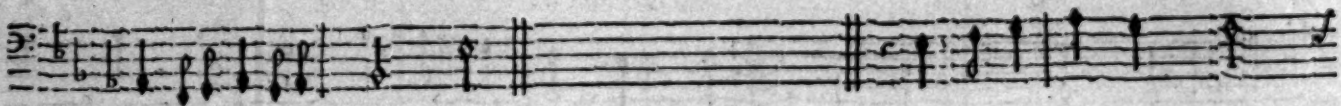
[100]



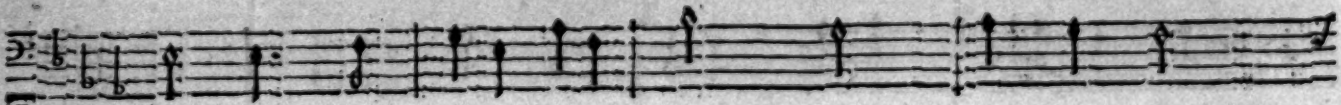
As in flame burning past all measure, three dayes endur'd this love to mee, and



It was lost in other three. Farewell farewell &c. Soon as another Swayne you



Saw, who may by love or liking feigned, you 'gan from mee your love with -



[101]



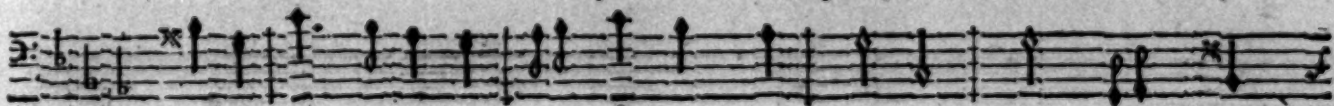
-draw, and soon my place he had obtained. Then came a third your love to



Win, and wee were out and he was in. Farewell &c. Doubtlesse you bear your

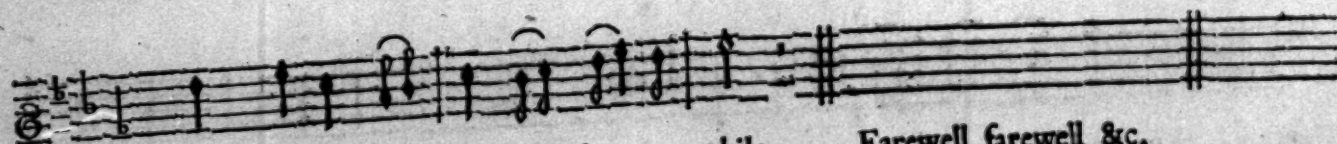


Selfe in hand, because of loves you breed such plenty, to fill with new loves

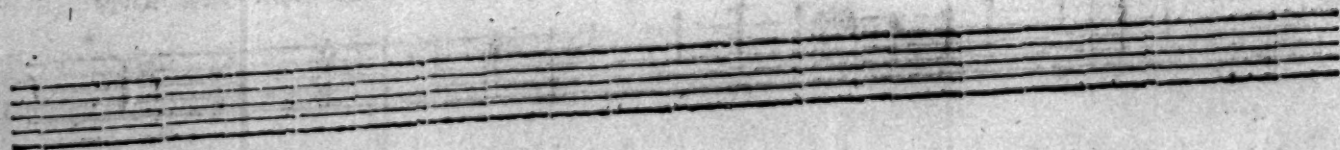
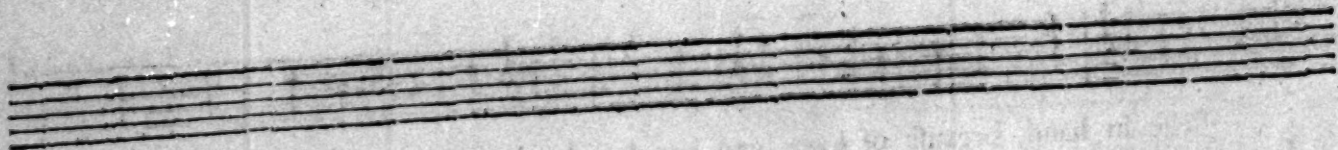




All the Land, and all the World if it were empty, But O you doe your selfe be-

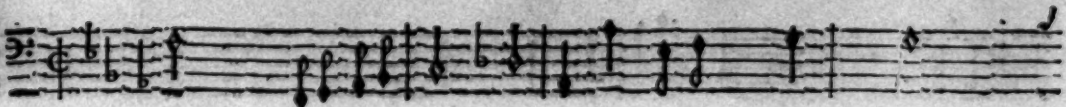


-guile, because they live so short a while, Farewell farewell &c.

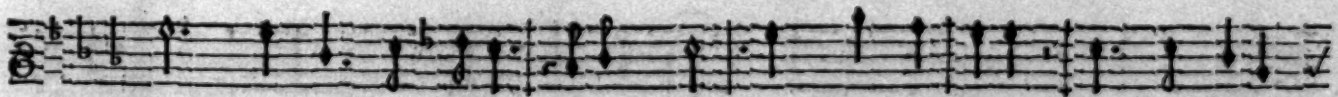
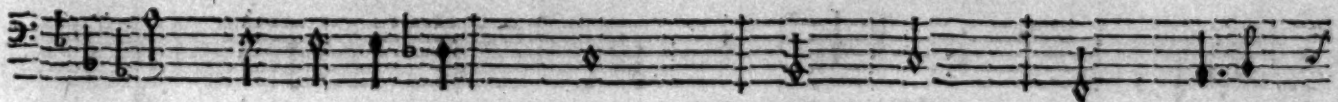




Hat would any man desire? is he cold? then here's a fire



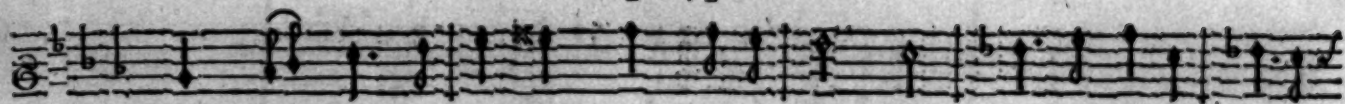
Is he hot? shee'l gently scoole him 'till he finde that heat does coole him, Is he



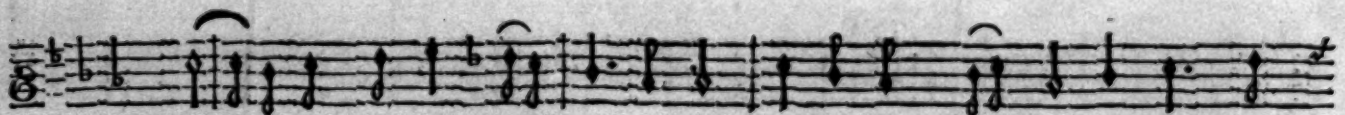
Sad? then here's a pleasure, is hee poore? then here's a treasure. Loves he Musick?



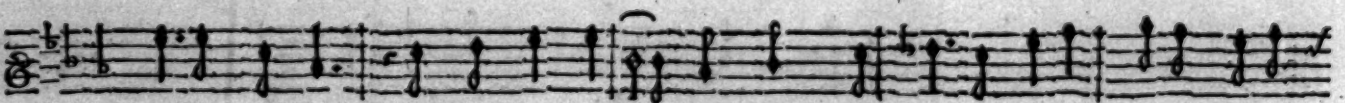
Turne over



Here's the choice of all sweet sounds in her sweet voyce. Does he hunger, heer's a

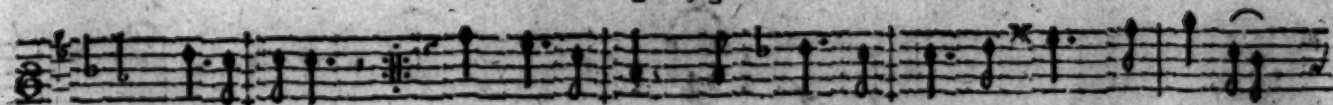


Feast to which a God might bee a guest, and to tho'e Viands if hee thirst, heer's

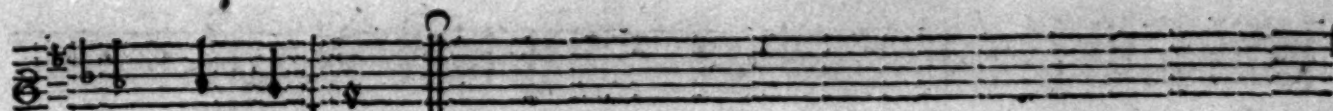
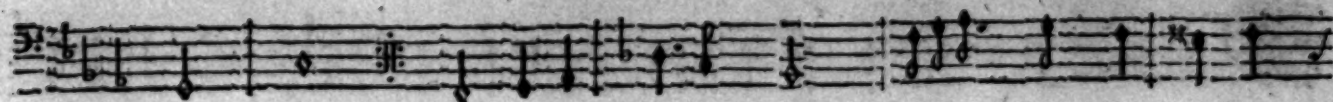


Nectar for him, since the first of men that was for sinne a dector, never any

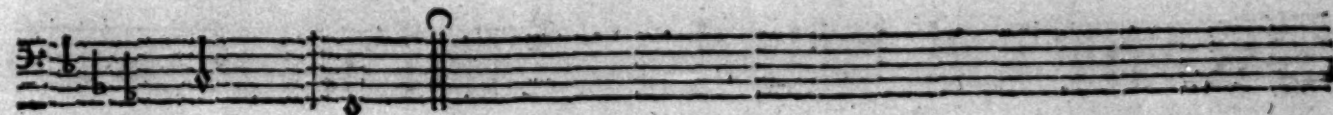




Tasted better. Heer's all compleat from head to heele, to heare, to see, taft

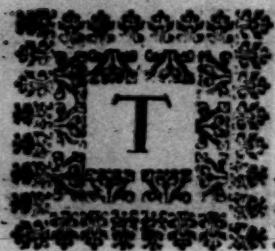


Smell or feele.



P

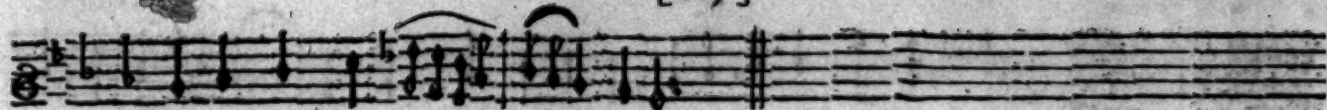




Hou that excellest and sweeter smellest then budding Roses yet

Cruelly killest, others sit billing, Loves Nectar spilling, why shouldst thou then to mee

Prove so unwilling, thy looks so smiling, all hearts beguiling

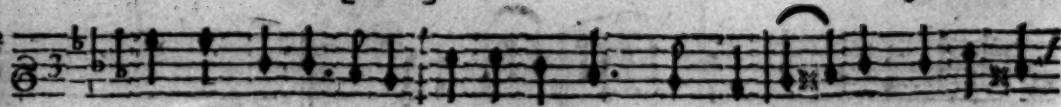


Kindled the fire of my desire.

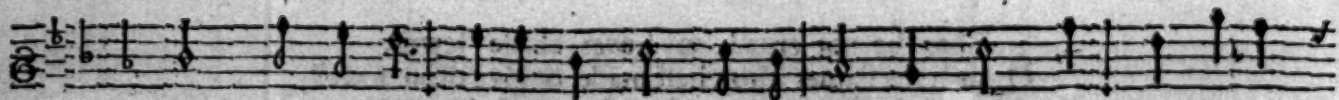


2. Then be not cruell, my Loves chiefe Jewell,
 Quench the flames thou hast made, or give them fewell,
 All those that knew mee, when they shall view mee,
 With death rewarded, will curse her that slew mee.
 O let relenting, and swift repenting,
 From danger free, both thee and mee.

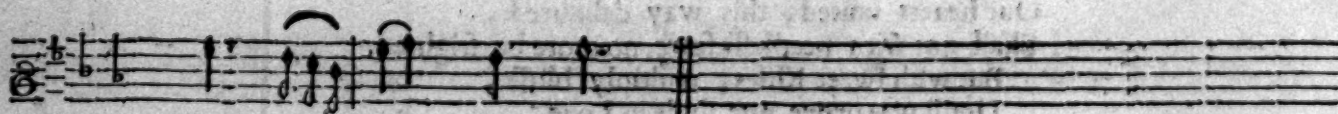
3. Then wee'l lye gasping, Arme in arme clasping,
 Of Loves Sweets that have past each others asking,
 Our hearts united, this way delighted,
 Shall not with needlesse feare, no more be frightened,
 But with sweet Kisses, multiply blisses,
 Untill wee prove, one soule in Love.



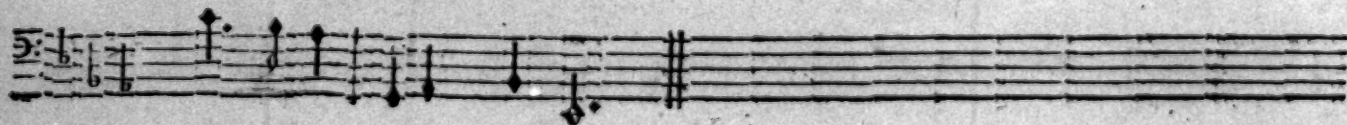
Swear by Muskadell, that I doe Love thee, well and more then I can



Tell, by the white Clarret and Sack, I doe love thy Black black black, I doe



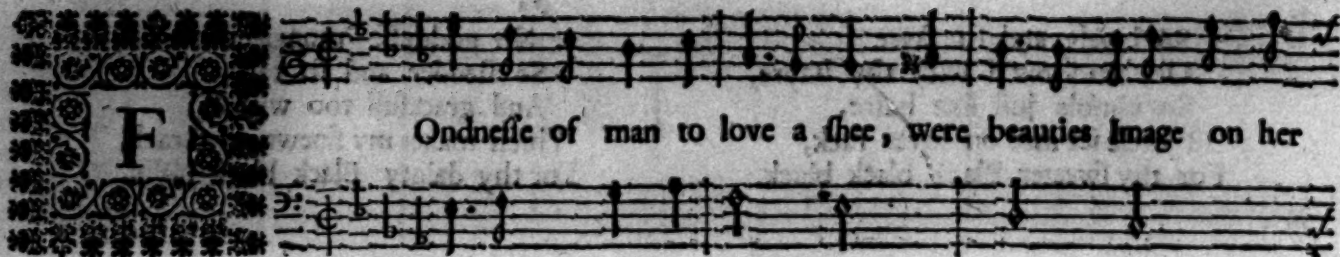
Love thy black black black.



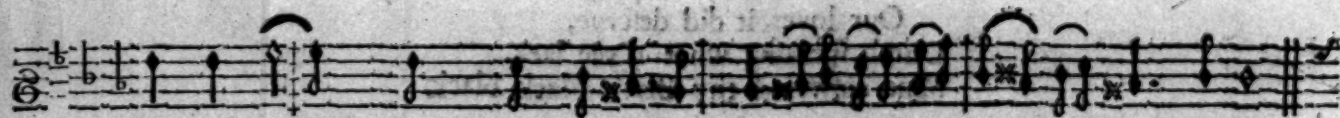
2 So lovely and so fayre
 Ore shadow'd with thy hayre,
 So nimble just like haire,
 All these set mee on loves rack,
 For thy sweeter Black black black.

3. No goddesse 'mongst them all,
 So slender and so tall,
 And gracefull too withall,
 Which makes my sinews to Crack,
 For thy dainty Black black black.

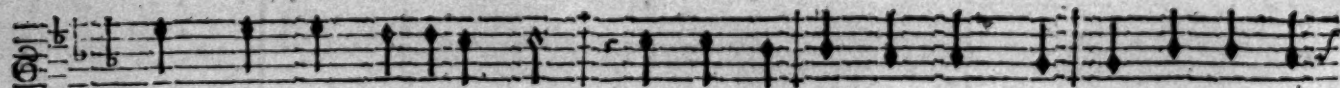
4. Thy kinde and loving Eye,
 When first I did Espye,
 Our loves it did descrye,
 Dumb speaking what d'ye lack,
 Mine answered thy Black black black.



Fondness of man to love a thee, were beauties Image on her



Face so carv'd by Im-mor-ta-li-ty, as en-vious time cannot disgrace.



Who shall weigh a Lovers paine, fain'd smiles a while his hopes may steere but soon re-



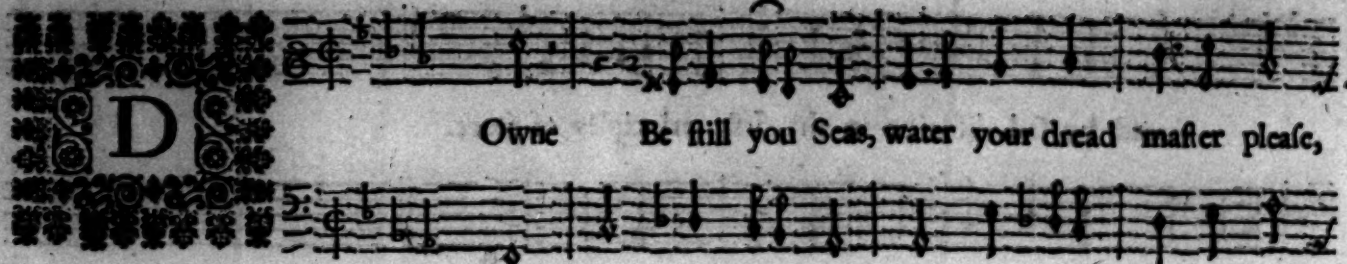
[111]



duced by sad disdain to the first principles of searc.



Then farewell sayest ne're will I,
Pursue uncertain blisses more:
Who sayles by womans constancy;
Shipwracks his Love on every shore.



D Owne Be still you Seas, water your dread master please,



Downe downe I say or be silent as the day, you that sling and roare a loft



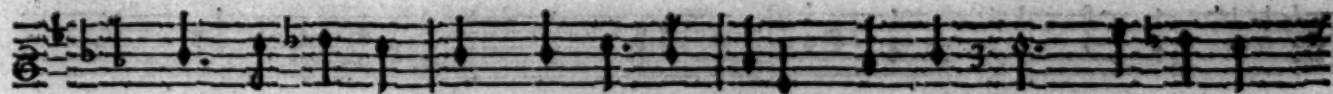
Whistling winds be still and soft, not an Angry look let fly, you proud Mountains





Fall and dye.

Tumble no more, nor kick nor Roare, nor trouble her



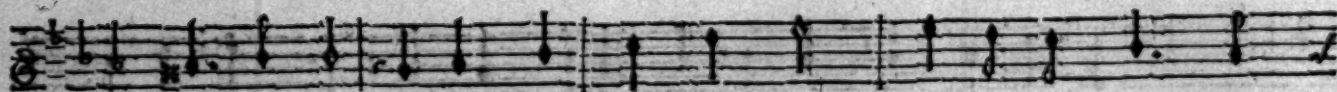
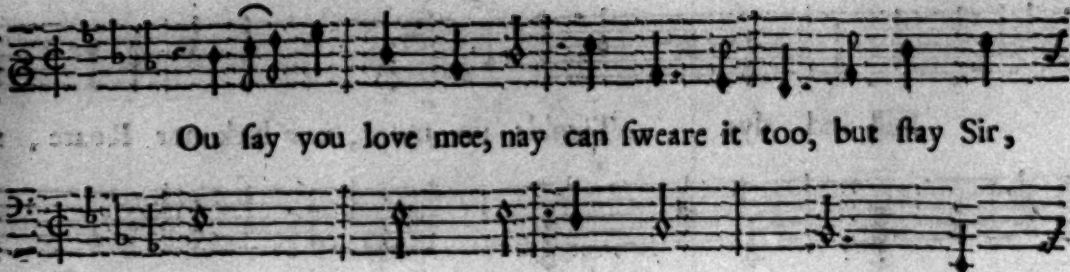
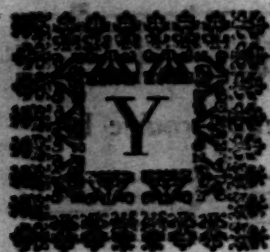
Keele to make her reele, but safe from Surges, Rocks and Sand, Kisse her and

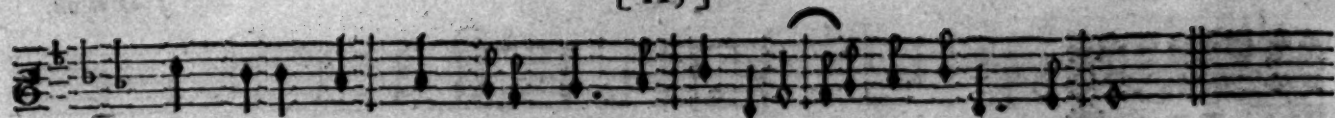


Stroke her, and set her a Land.

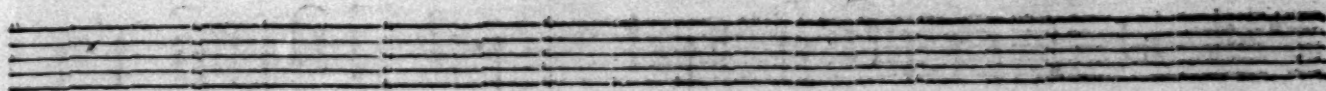
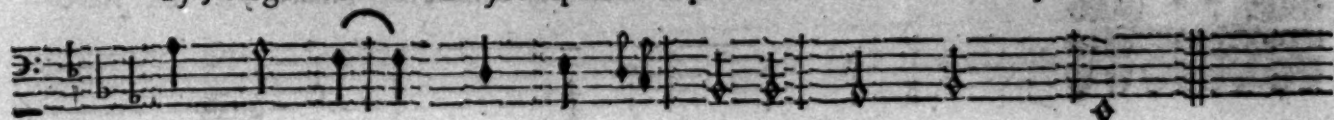


9





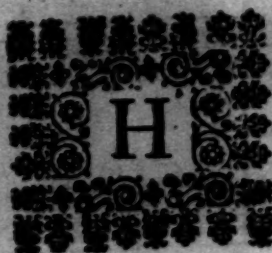
by, forgot like words you speake in passion I'll not believe you I.

Q²

Cantus Primus.

[116]

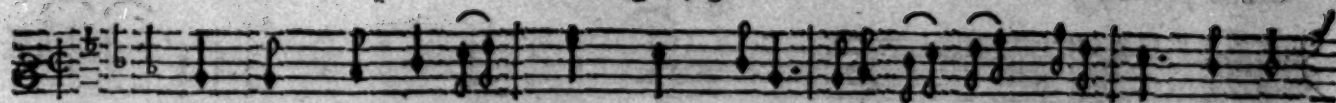
J. Wilson.



Ence with this wedlock Chaine and Smart I'll not have

People laugh at me for wearing shackles on my heart, and live engag'd that might live

Free, I'll keep my Freedom all I can, and never live a Mar-ri-ed man



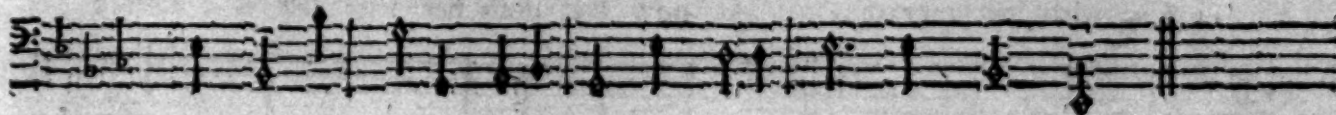
You that have servile mindes may marry and con-fine your selves to one

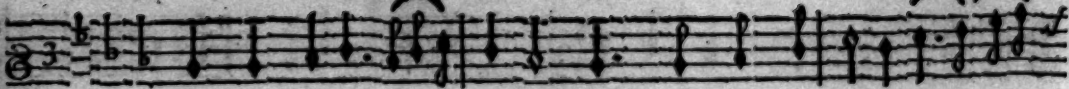
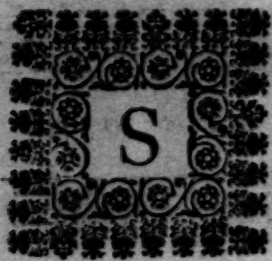


I will not from my nature vary, which like a thousand yet Love none



But keep my freedome all I can, and never live a Married man.

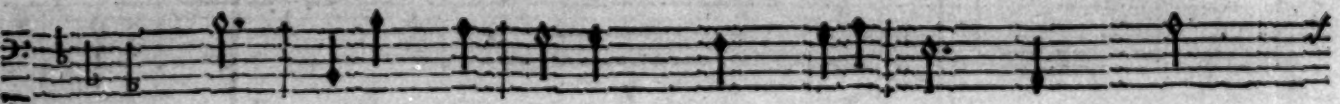




O have I scene a Silver Swann, as in a watry looking



Glasse, viewing her whi-ter forme and then, Courting her



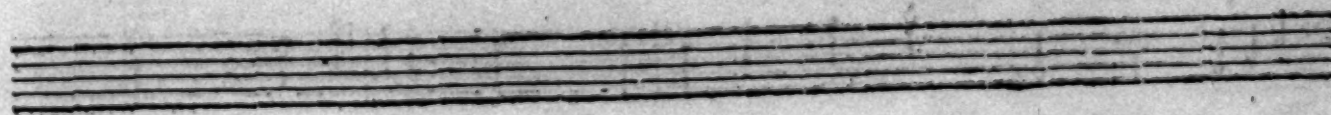
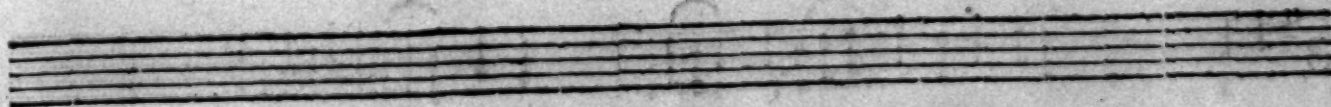
Selfe with lovely grace. As now shee doth her selfe her selfe admire



[119]



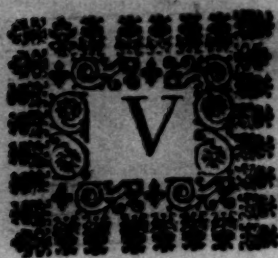
Being at once the fu-ell and the fire.



Cantus Primus:

[120]

J. Wilson.



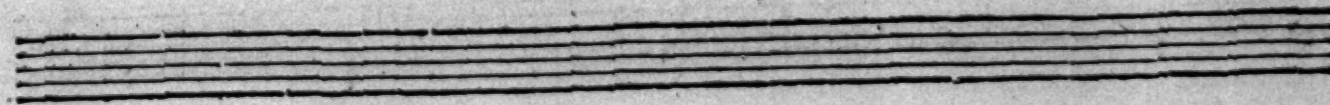
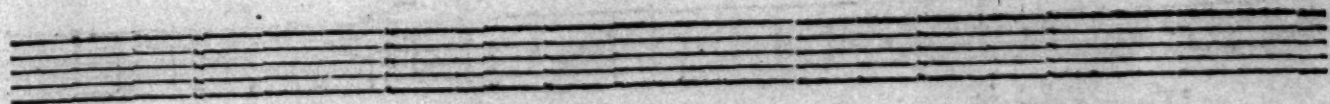
Iew'ft thou that poore penurious payre of Lovers how they

Bill, Inſtructed not by wanton faise, but by a Mutuall will.

Such needleſſe aydes theſe Wretches ſcorne, they finde out hid de-

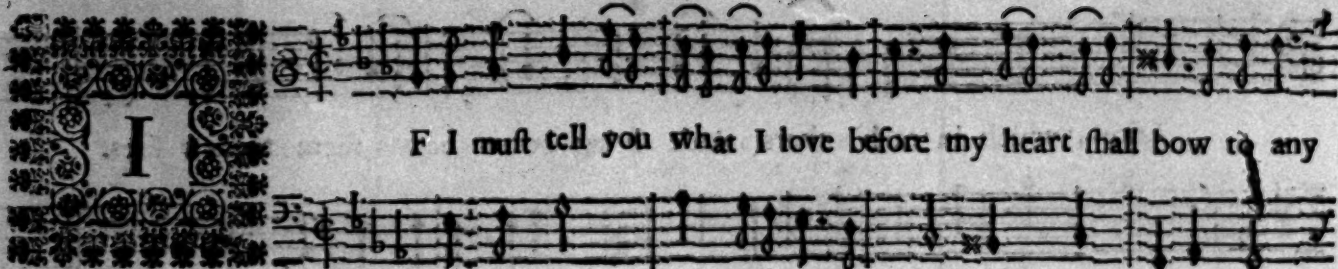


- fires, which in each others minde being borne begets them to new fires.



R

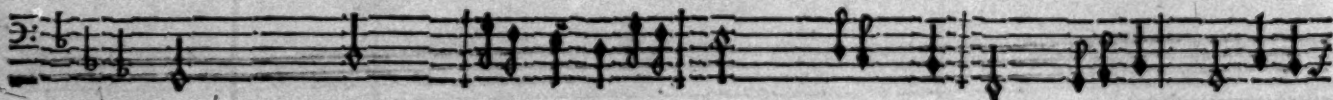




I F I must tell you what I love before my heart shall bow to any



'Tis not the Black that I approve, nor yet the Browne ador'd by many The first is



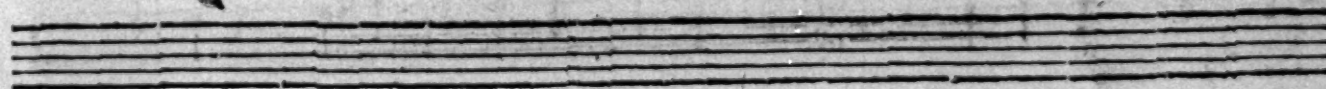
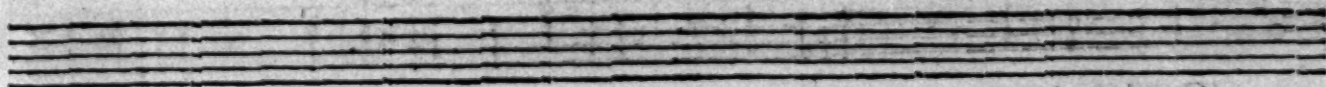
Farr from all de-light, 'tis beauties foe and not com-plexion, The Embleme



[123]



Of sad care and night, still moving horror not affection.



R 2





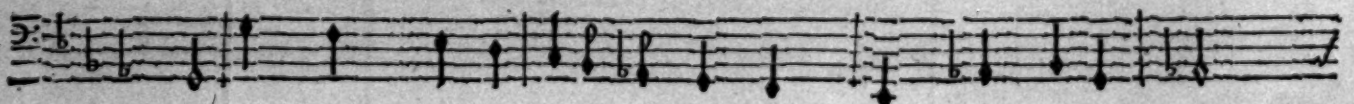
Hen on mine eyes her eyes first shone, I all amazed steadily



Gazed, and shee to make mee more amazed so caught so wove foure eyes in one as

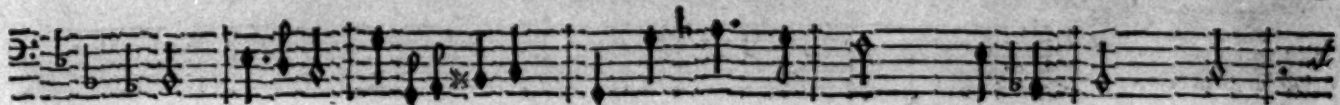


Who had with advizement seen us would have admir'd Loves equall force be -





- tween us, But treason in those friendlike eyes, my heart first charming and then disdaining,

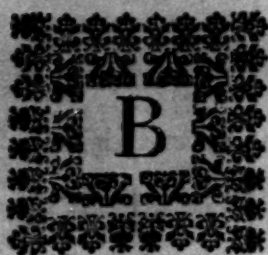


so charm'd it e're it dreamt of Harming, as at her mercy now it



Lyes and shewes me to my endlesse smart, thee lov'd but with her eyes I with my heart.





E not thou so foolish nice, as to bee in-vi-ted twice



What should Woemen more incite then their own sweet Appetite, shall Savage things more



Freedome have, then Nature unto Woemen gave. The Swan the Turtle, and the

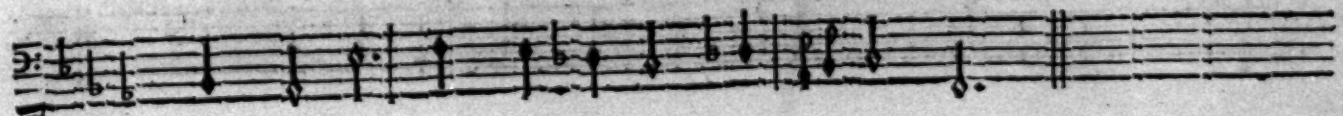


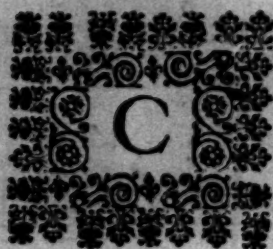


Sparrow, Bill a while then take the Marrow ; :S: They Bill and Kiffe, what



Then they doe, Come Bill and Kiffe and I'll shew you.

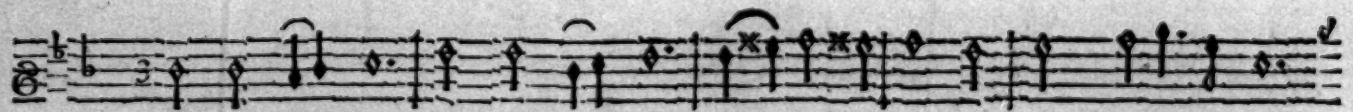




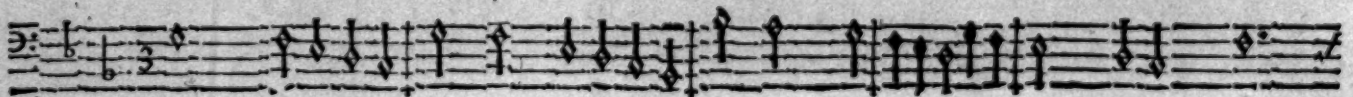
Ome I faint thy tedious stay doubles each hower of the



Day, the Nimble haft of winged love, makes aged time not seem to move.

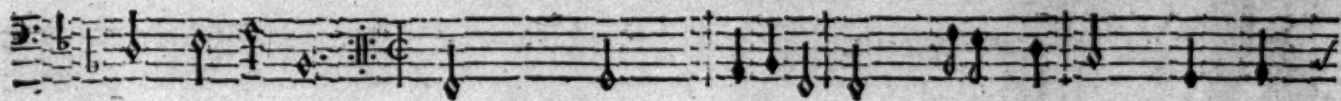


Did not the night, and then the light, instruct my sight, I should forget the Sunn,

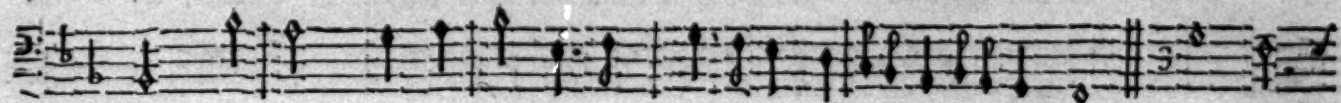




For-get his flight. Shew not the drooping Marigold, whose Leaves like dolefull Armes doe



Fold , my longing nothing can ex-plaine, but Soule and Body rent in twaine. Did I not

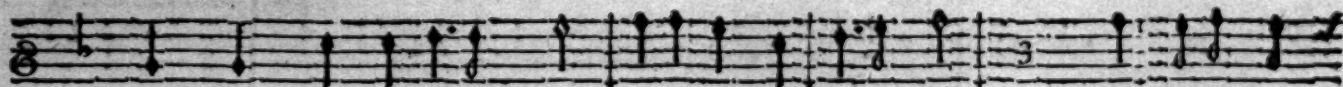


Moane, and sigh and groane, and talke alone, I might believe my Soule from home were gone.

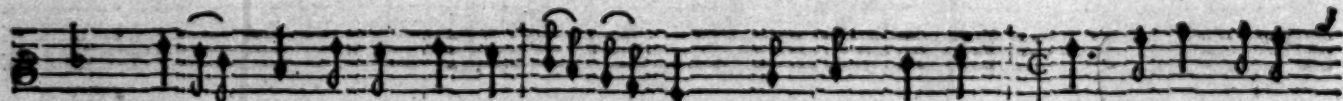




Od Lyons ever young , ever Honour'd ever sung ,



stain'd with Blood of lusty Grapes, in a thousand lusty shapes. Daunce upon the.



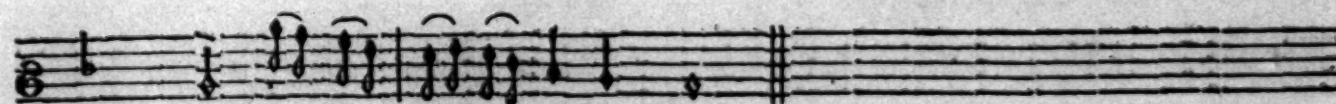
Mazers brim, in the crimson Liquor swim, from thy plenteous hand Divine, let a



[131]



River run with wine, God of mirth let this day heere, enter neither care nor



Feare, en-ter neither care nor feare.



S z'





Ot Roses coucht within a Lilly bed, are those commixtures

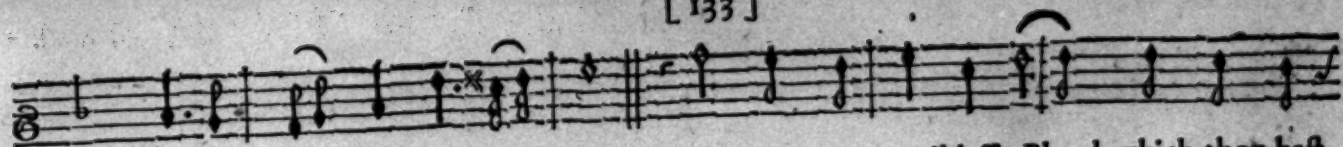


That depaint thy Face, nor yet the white, which silvers Hyem's head, Mixt with the dewy



Mornings purple grace; But thou whose fayre my Senses captive led, whom I erst



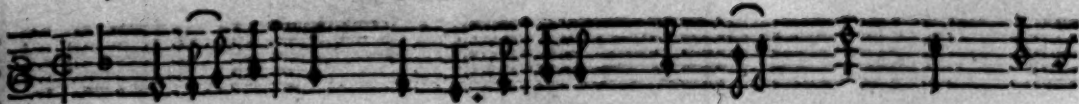
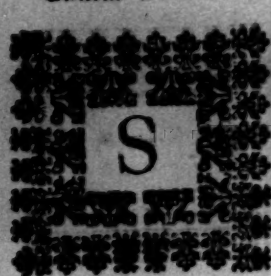


Fondly deem'd of heavenly race, hast from my guiltlesse Blood which thou hast



Shed, and envies paleness got thy white and Red.

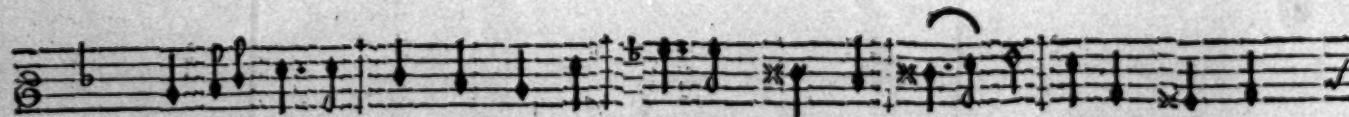




O many Loves have I neglected, whose good parts might move



Mee, that now I am of all re-ject-ed, there is none will Love mee.



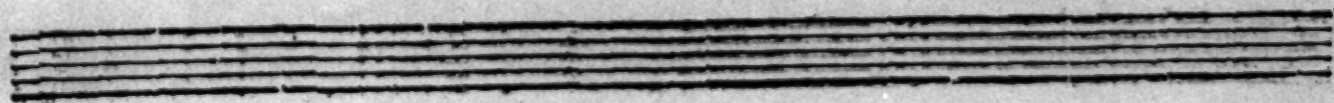
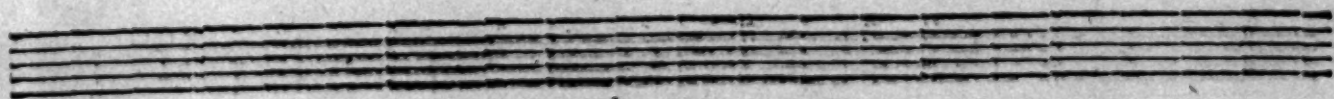
Why is Mayden heat so coy, it Freezeth when it burneth, loofing what it

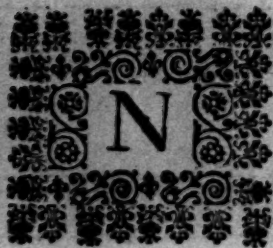


[135]

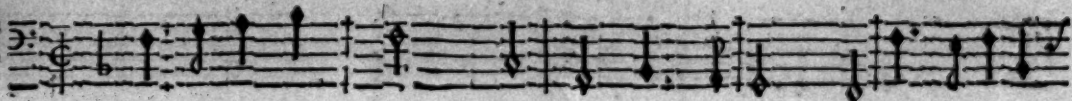


Might enjoy and having lost it mourneth.





Ow the Lu - sty Spring is seen, greene, yellow, gaudy blue, daintily in-



-vites the view on ev'ry Bush on ev'ry greene, Roses blushing as they blowe



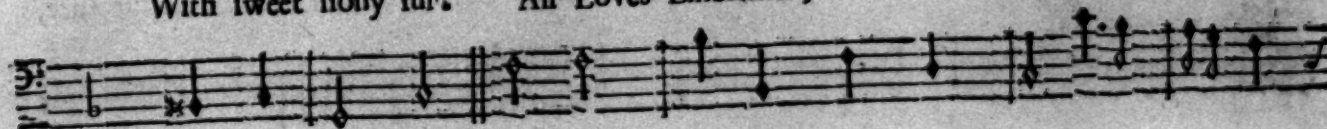
And inviting men to pull, Lillies whiter then the Snow, Woodbines



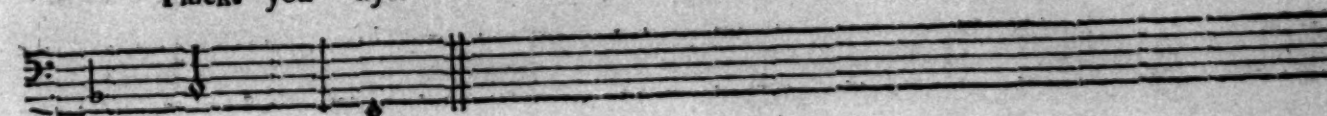
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With sweet hony full. All Loves Emblemes, and all cry Ladyes if not



Pluckt you dye.

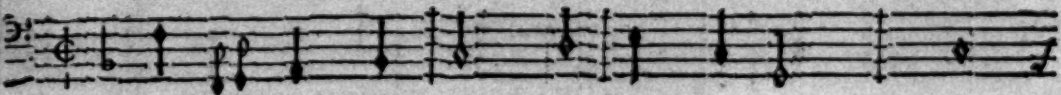


T

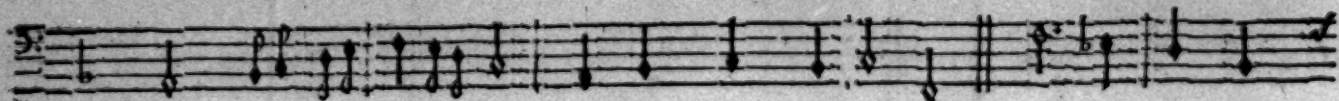




Herefore peep'st thou envious day, Wee can Kisse without thee,

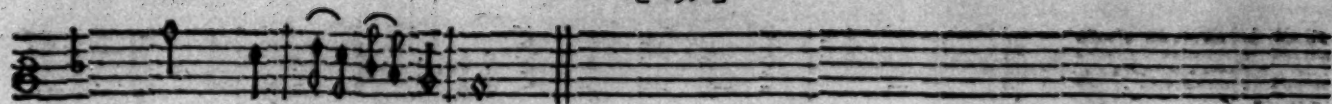


Lovers hate that golden ray, that thou bear'st about thee. Go and give them

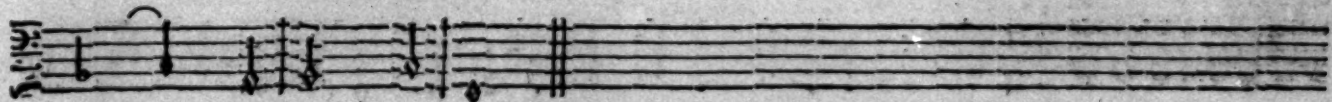


Light that sorrow, or the Saylor flying, our Embraces need no Morrow





Nor our pleasures Eying.



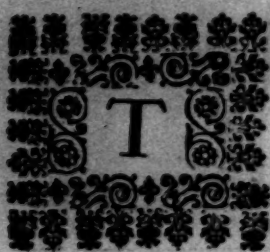
2.

Wee shall curse thy curious Eye,
 For our soon betraying,
 And condemne thee for a spye,
 If thou see us playing.
 Get thee gone and Lend thy flashes,
 Where there's need of lending.
 Our affections are not ashes.
 Nor our Kisses ending.

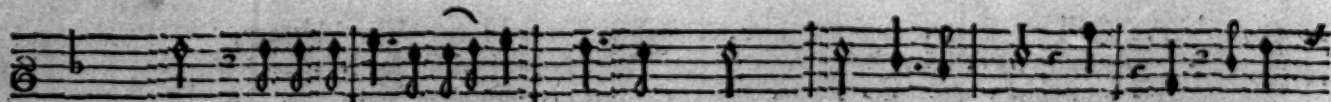
3.

Were wee cold or wither'd heere,
 Wee should wish thee by us,
 Or but one another feare,
 Then thou should'st not fly us.
 Wee are young thou mar'st our pleasure,
 Goe to Sea and slumber,
 Darknesse only gives us leasure,
 Our stolne joyes to number.





Urne Turne, turne thy beautilous face away, how pale and sickly looks the



Day in emulation of thy brighter Beames. O envious light fly fly begone



Come Night and joyne two breasts in one, when what Love does we will re-

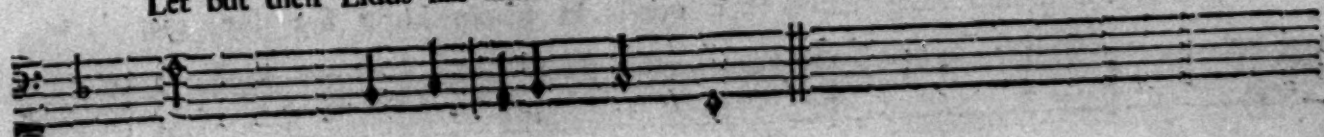




-peate in dreames, Yet thine eyes open, who can day hence fright



Let but their Lidds fall and it will be night.





Hen I behold my Mistres face, where beauty hath her dwell-ing place,



And see those seeing starres her eyes, In whom Loves fire for ever lyes.

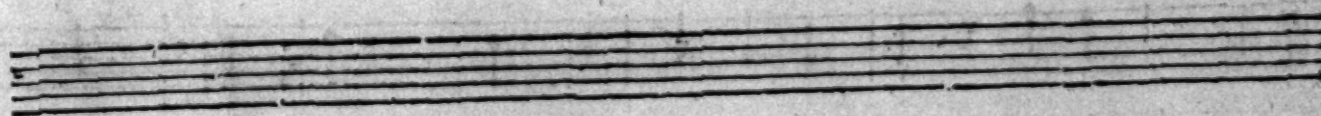
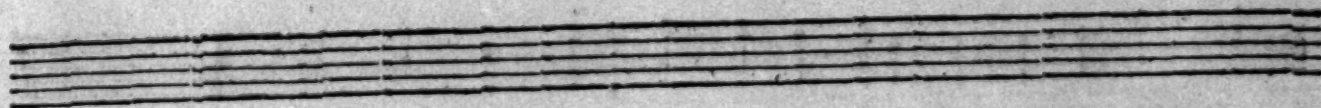
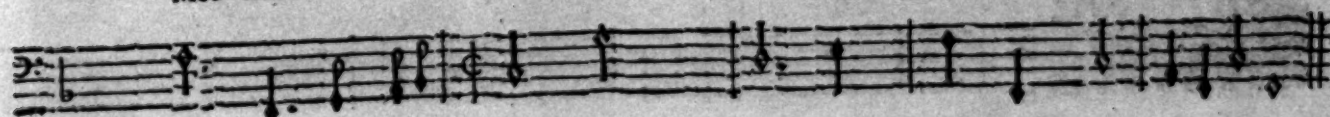


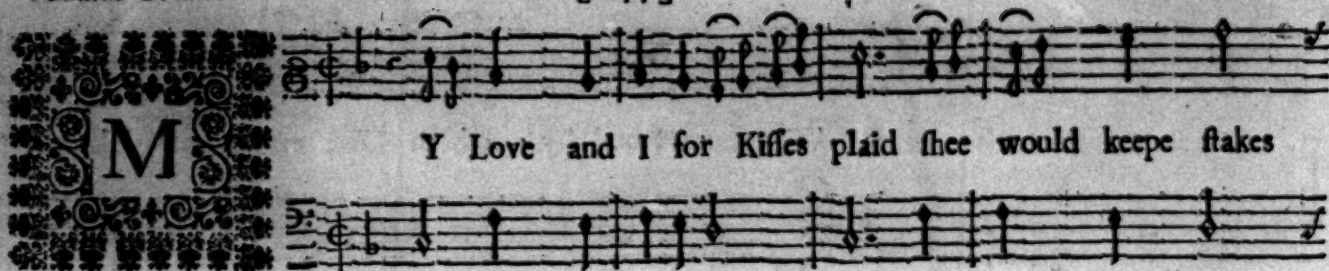
And heare her witty Charming words, her sweet Tongue to mine Eare affords





Mee thinks he wants Wit, Eares, and Eyes, whom Love makes not Idolatrize.






MY Love and I for Kisses plaid shee would keepe stakes



I was content, but when I wonn shee would be paid, this made mee



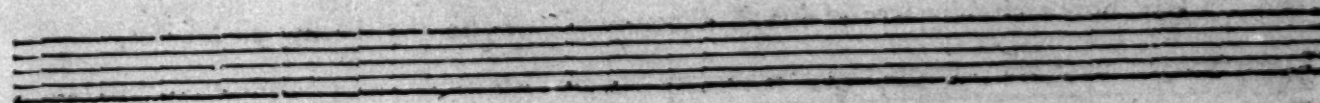
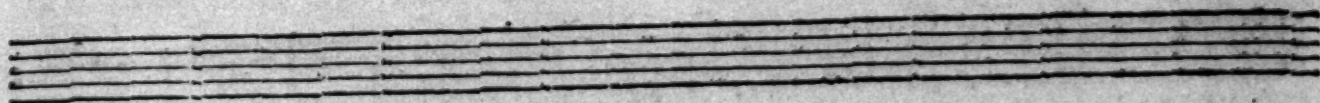
Aske her what shee meant. Nay since I see quoth shee I see quoth



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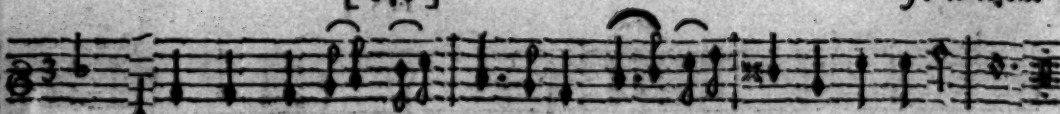
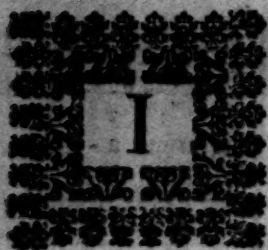
Shce your wrangling vaine, take your own Kiffes and I'll take mine a-gaine.



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u

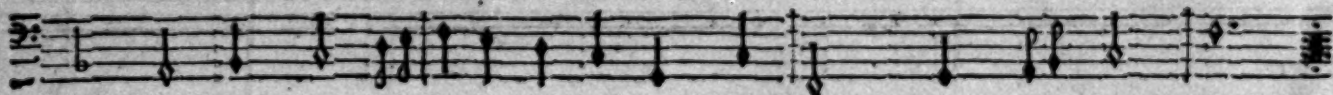
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N a vale with flowrets spangled, *Strephon* meeting her thus lained
To the Nymph that had intangled, And to her his Bosome Chained,

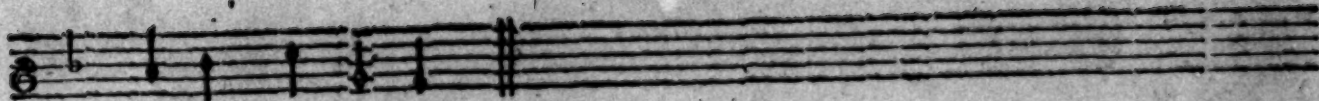


Tarry O tarry faire at the sigh's at the prayre of who thy deare eyes admires
Hark how each thing wee see doe all discourse of thee, so thy Leauty all inspires,



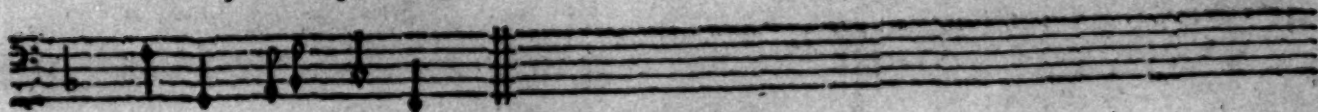
The Birds thy praises sing smooth windes the blessing acknowledge to thy breath
Th'earth sayes thou art their spring, each flower confessing their sent and Colour was





Of their sweet breathing.

Of thy be-queathing.



Thus sung hee, but the Nymph fled him,
Him and all his praises scorning;
Wherfore as his anger led him
To dispraise his praises turning.
Stay cruell stay he cries,
And let thy Eares and Eyes,
Of thy faults the Records bee.
And those that prais'd thee late,
See how thy Scornes they hate.
In their due remorse of mee.

Harke the Birds cry like th'Owle, th'art all their wonder,
The windes would blow thee hence thy absence hastning,
Th'earth sayes thy frownes are but a dartlesse thunder,
Flowers smile, nor feare thy frosty bosomes blasting.

FINIS.